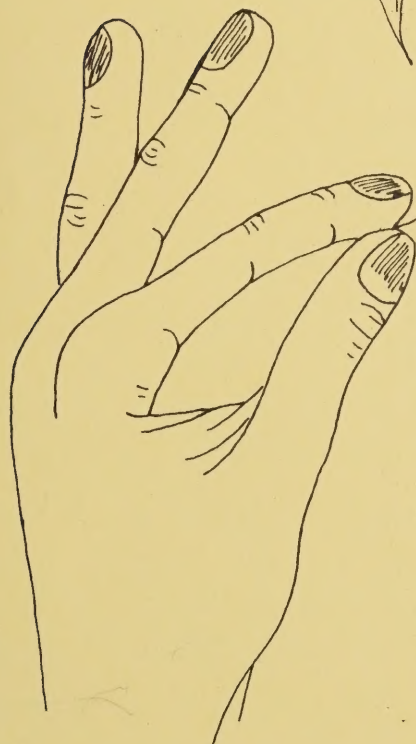


TIGHTWIRE



CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
DEC 6 1977
LIBRARY



Kingston

Prison For Women

Sept. Oct. 77



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
University of Toronto

<https://archive.org/details/31761075939918>

THE NEW TIGHTWIRE
September-October, 1977
Volume III - Edition V

The TIGHTWIRE is a publication printed every second month, presented by the inmates of the Prison for Women, Kingston, Ontario. We wish to dissolve the barriers of physical imprisonment by sharing our attempts to free ourselves from the mental bondages that engulf us. Our printed words are meant to educate, not alienate you. They are the expressed thoughts, feelings, ideas and attitudes which issue forth from the brains of a writer. These are her/his sole possessions and wings towards freedom. Therefore, the contents herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the administration. We welcome advice or criticism from you, the reader, and will be happy to print your articles or letters. Materials presented in the TIGHTWIRE may be reprinted providing credit is given to the original author.

Please address all inquiries, correspondence, cheques or money orders for subscriptions to:

TIGHTWIRE
P.O. Box 515
Kingston, Ontario

TIGHTWIRE STAFF

Editor: D.F. Martin
Public Relations: Faye Fontaine
Typist & Contributor: Faye Fontaine
P. A. Twitchin
Guest Artist: M. Huisman



Subscription Rate: Six Issues - \$3.00

IN THIS ISSUE

Regular Features :	Letters to the editor.....	3
	Editorial ...by...F.Fontaine.....	12
	Poetry.....	16, 30, 31, 39, 40 ,50
	Entertainment...by...P.A.Twitchum.....	52
	Sports...by...Ian Lyle.....	48
	Caryl Radcliffe.....	44
	Astrology...by ...D.F.Martin.....	53
Guest Features :	Letter from H.Crawford.....	10
	The Prisons Are The Crime...by J. Dorrington.....	40
	The Pen Is Mightier Than...by.... Jane Arnott.....	14
	Trust and Love ...by...R. Carrier.....	34
	Our Changing World....Earl Nightingale.....	28
Forum :	Interview with Gail Fox.....	17
	Justice For All...by...Rose Wu.....	32
Features :	Hospital Care...by....C. Sinclair.....	24
	Law Library Complete...by...Nancy Ward Armour.....	25
	The Further Adventures of Patty Peek...by N.Ward Armour.....	26
	Early Day Parole For Inmates...by...R. Wu.....	38
	Classified Section...by ...F.Fontaine.....	47
	Dear Mother...by...Tokeyo.....	50
	A Letter From Sydney The Sneak...by..N. Ward Armour.....	51

TIGHTWIRE NEEDS YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS

POETRY, SPORTS, FICTION, FEATURES

make sure your work is original or the author noted.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Just a few lines to say I'm happy to be working with Tightwire. I enjoy my job and I hope that in some way i'll be able to contribute to our paper.

Don't forget girls, it is our paper.....and we need articles to keep it together.

Faye.

Dear Tightwire

I would like to subscribe to your publication if possible. Please send the paper to and bill me as follows:

Randy Banks

Thankyou very much and I look forward to many interesting hours.

sincerely
R. Banks

Dear girls of Tightwire Staff -

Please find enclosed my cheque for the amount of six dollars, I enjoy your magazine and it truly is getting bigger and better.

Hope this brings me up to date in payment.

I am no poet but I wish that I were and I would send you a poem.

The artistic drawings are good and they do improve your magazine.

good luck to you all
Mrs. Ruth R. Wilson

Dear People there,

I have been trying to find out whatever I can about what's happening in the prison system, and movements towards change. I would like to give my support in whatever ways would be beneficial to the people who are being affected.

If you have any suggestions as to things I should read, groups, or individuals I could contact to learn more, please do suggest. I'm just beginning to get into this, so I'm not very knowledgable on the matter, but my feelings are strong, and I trust in my energies to be of some help once I get them pointed at some light.

Anyway, could you put me on your mailing list for "TIGHTWIRE" please. And I hope you can fill me in a bit on things.

Hoping to hear,
Phoebe Kingscote

Dear Faye:

Thank you for your letter and the copies of "Women's Pen" and "Tightwire." The women are to be congratulated on their creative efforts; these two publications include many fine poems, prose pieces and graphics.

Please find enclosed a \$3.00 cheque for a continued subscription. I am sending some copies of Waves separately so that you can see what we print.

Yes, I have your story for "Singing." Unfortunately, I only have poems and prose for 20 pages so far. I need more writing and some graphics. I will write to Vanier, Catayst magazine in Brantford, Ont., Communique, on the East Coast and Clare Culhane in Vancouver to try and round up some more material from across Canada. So please, do tell your fellow writers and artists that I would like more material this fall.

Singing, in 1975, I got a grant of \$1,000 to help print this anthology of women's writings and art from those with prison experience. Singing will be a small book that will go to booksellers and libraries across Canada. They need not write about prison----any topic or theme is o.k.

I would like Singing to show the world that prisons are filled with people---humans who laugh, cry, despair, hope, love, hate, people with talents and weaknesses, experiences and problems, plans and worries JUST LIKE ANY OTHER SEGMENT OF THE POPULATION.

Yes, they are locked up, treated in good and bad ways according to circumstances in or out of their control. But hopefully Singing will help that first step of acceptance of prisoners as human beings---deserving fair treatment and especially help in that GAP between prison and finding a constructive life on the outside.

Of course, I only print what comes to me for Singing. I keep asking. This time I will set a deadline of October 15, so we may print it this fall. Contributors will be paid \$5.00 per page of their material in the final book.

Good Luck, Keep on Writing,

I'll write again, too.

Mrs. Bernice Lever,
79 Denham Drive.,
Thornhill, Ont.

Dear Madam:

Enclosed is a cheque for \$3.00 to cover the subscription costs for six issues of your publication. Would you please begin our subscription by sending us the latest published edition of "Tightwire." Thank you.

Yours truly,
Carmen L. Matte
for
A.W. Cluff & P.J. Cluff
Architects.

Dear Sisters:

Your little book is so nice. We also appreciate you sending "Tightwire" and are going to resume sending you "Media Report" on exchange. Thanks so much for sending it.

Keep on,
Donna A.

"Con Verse"
87 Isabel St.,
Winnipeg, Man.

Hi there,

I don't know if you are familiar with us but we're a group of people involved in a public education program centered around corrections. Most of our work is done in Winnipeg but we're now expanding to all of Manitoba. I'm enclosing an information sheet to give you an idea of what we're about.

If you have any information regarding Women and the law or any particular viewpoints you would like the public to be aware of please send them along to us, too.

Thanks very much. I hope to hear from you soon.

Cheers,
Anna Woods.

"Con Verse."

What is Converse?

Con Verse is a community education project about criminal justice. It is comprised of community members, offenders/inmates and people working in the criminal justice system who feel that there is a need to broaden public awareness about crime, criminals and the criminal justice system.

Why does ConVerse Exist?

Con Verse exists in response to the feeling that impressions of crime and criminals created largely by the media are sensational and inaccurate. We have felt that the General Public has little opportunity to meet offenders face to face as human beings and there is much to be gained from interaction and the opportunity to challenge our assumptions and values. We feel too that the community and its offenders could benefit from a greater understanding of the overall criminal justice system.

What are its Objectives?

Develop a program format that will:

- a. have incarcerated men and ex-offenders present to speak and react with the community and initiate confrontation with community fears and stereotypes about criminals.
- b. give an overall view of corrections.
- c. provide accurate information.
- d. create some understanding of why criminal behaviour occurs.
- e. discuss underlying values of society and the correctional system.

What does Con Verse do?

ConVerse has resources-speakers, films, plays, slides, games and discussion aides--to assist groups to dialogue about issues of corrections and the offender.

ConVerse has a core group of resource people who stand ready to plug into these dialogues with information, advice, and participation.

ConVerse has a group of penitentiary inmates and ex-inmates who are ready to meet as honestly and as directly as they can with people of the community to try to deal with the gaps between us.

ConVerse keeps in touch with current issues and new legislation in corrections and tries to help the community keep in touch with issues as well.

Hello Friend,

I want to thank you for the paper, and I really enjoy some of the creative writing that prisoners send to you, I dig it when people get involved for a creative reason for everyone.

I really enjoyed the article by Penny Twitchin, in the march, april issue you sent me, titled Decriminalization of Marijuana. I am not sure if I told you people or not, I'm confined on a marijuana bust, it's been a heavy trip for me but I've gotten a lot out of it.

I was the editor of our News Paper here, The Eastern World, I gave it up a few months ago because of my college classes, and I teach a music class twice a week. We have work release, and college release here, I go out to the campus of the State University of New York, I need one more semester, and I'll have my B.A. degree in criminal justice.

I'm going to send you one of my many poems maybe you'll see fit to put it in your paper. Do you have any back issues of Tightwire you could send me? as I write this it's rather late at night, I'm writing by candle light, and listening to some very mellow music on my tape player Bob Dylan Desire, I don't know what kind of music you're into.

I also want to sincerely thank you for leaving my letter on your Bulletin Board, so maybe someone would pick it up.

I would like for you to do me a personal favor, but at the same time I don't want to cause you any hassels.

May all your days be peaceful, and full of smiles,

Take care
Love and fight
Rick

Dear Madam:

Would you please send me a subscription to "Tightwire" for the next two years. I am enclosing a money order for \$3.00.

I should also like to correspond with a woman inside the Pen. I am 25 years old. I attend the university of Winnipeg full time and am working as a part time postal clerk. I major in Sociology and am particularly interested in Criminology, the rights of children and women and the effects of imprisonment of their spouses.

After I graduate with my B.A. I should like to enroll in the B.I.N. programme at University of Alberta.

I hope you can help me...

Yours very truly,
Julie E. Geisel

Greetings:

I am a 30 year old Canadian presently serving a short sentence at McNeil Island. I had the good fortune to come across your publication and found it very interesting and entertaining. Among my varied interests is a love for poetry and prose.

I have taken the liberty of sending you some of my attempts at relating meaningful thoughts to paper. I hope that maybe one or more of the ladies at your place may find a moment or so of relaxation from my attempts at writing poetry.

Regards from a fellow Canadian,

John Wilson
Reg. No. 51635-146
P.O. Box 1000
STEILACOOM, Wa. 98388

Cher amies,

Je suis venu en travers de deux copies de votre journal Tightwire (Jan.-Fev.'77 et Mar.-Juin'77). Comme je suis le president du Groupe Culturel Francais de Millhaven je l'ai fait circuler parmi les membres du groupe et l'opinion a ete unanime: Vous faites du tres bon et interessant travail. FELICITATIONS! Nous avons decides de nous abonner et attendons votre prochaine copie avec impatience. S'il vous serait possible de nous faire parvenir la copie de Mars-Avril nous vous en serions vraiment reconnaissant.

Par la meme occasion, je veux vous remercier au nom de toutes la population de Millhaven pour le suport que vous nous avez donnees pendant la journee de greve de la faim du 10 Aout. Vous avez prouvees que les femmes ont plus de couilles que les sois disant hommes de Dorchester qui ont completement ignores notre appel de soutien. Nous sommes vraiment fier de vous toutes.

L'article "Parole d'une Quebecoise" par D.F. Martin est sensationnel. Cher D.F. tu as vraiment mis les points sur les i. Nous avons de nombreux exemples ici a Millhaven de la discrimination envers les Francais par l'administration. Ils ne veulent meme pas nous acheter une machine a ecrire en francais et c'est la raison que j'ai ecrit a la main pour ne pas user une machine anglaise.

Sincerement Votre
Tony Merola

The Editor
Tightwire

Dear Madam:

On the 1st October, 1977 I will leave the office of the Correctional Investigator and I should like to thank you all for the help, the advice, the cooperation and the criticism you have given me. When Mr. Warren Allmand asked me to be your ombudsman in June 1973 I knew that I would not win a popularity contest with the inmates, the staff or the general public and that was not my aim.

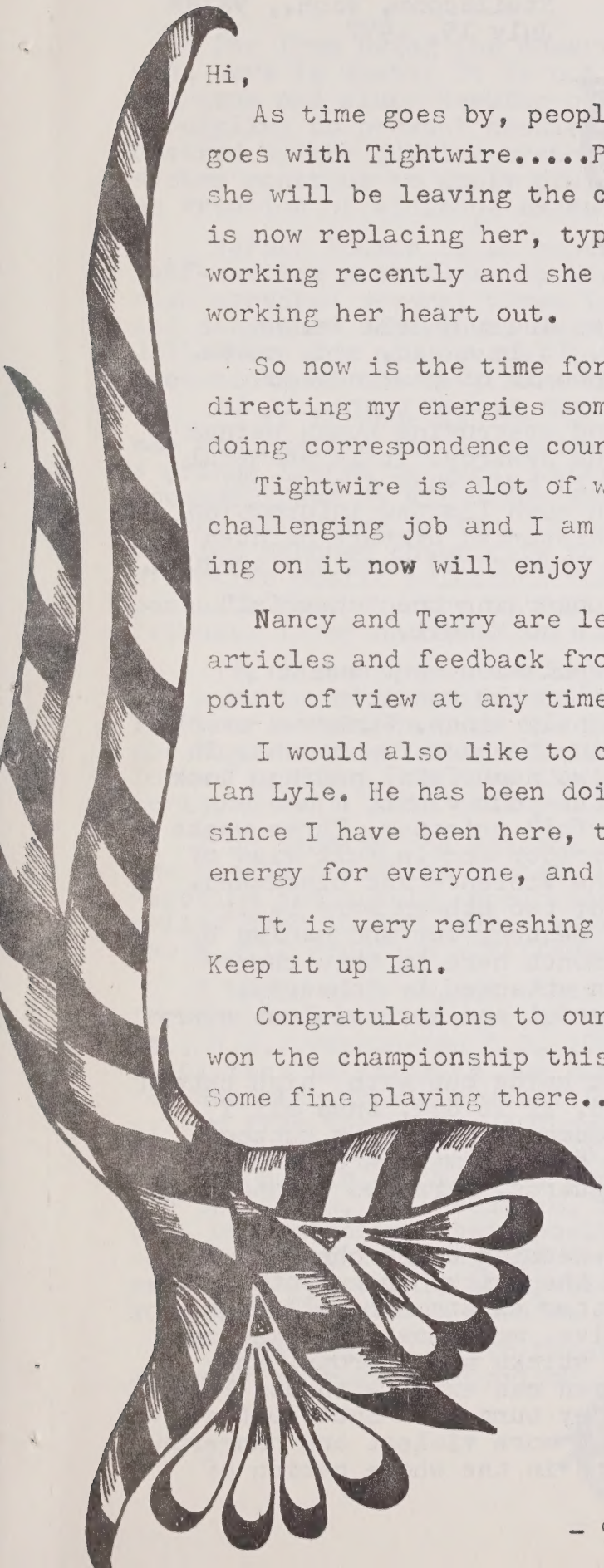
I knew that the major general policy issues would have to be solved at the political level. However, my understanding of the function was that our office had a mandate to mediate disputes for individuals where it appeared that they had been the victims of administrative error, oversight or unfairness; and to advocate that inmates received the rights they were entitled to under existing laws. Sometimes when you deal with individual problems the most important thing is to keep it private and sometimes, of course, the problem is of interest only to that one person, that is why I kept relatively low profile. From my conversations with many of you I think you understood that, and I should like to thank you for your support in that regard.

Needless to say, when you deal with individual problems you also become aware of the greater issues and I am not blind to the need for changes in society's approach to incarceration. I tried to draw public attention to the general problems that face all incarcerated persons but in no way do I want you to think that I thought I could solve them single-handed.

Mr. Brian McNally will be in charge until Mr. Francis Fox selects a new Correctional Investigator. You already know Mr. McNally and I hope that you will continue to give him and the other members of the office your support.

I have many happy memories from my term as Correctional Investigator and consider the experience the best education I have ever had. Thank you for your share in it.

Sincerely yours,
Inger Hansen,
Correctional Investigator



Hi,

As time goes by, people come and people go, the same goes with Tightwire.....Penny got parole by exception and she will be leaving the country for better days.....Cass is now replacing her, typing her morning away. Faye started working recently and she is doing a fantastic job..... working her heart out.

So now is the time for me to leave Tightwire...as I am directing my energies somewhere else. I will spend my time doing correspondence courses only.

Tightwire is alot of work and takes time, but it is a challenging job and I am sure that the people that are working on it now will enjoy it.

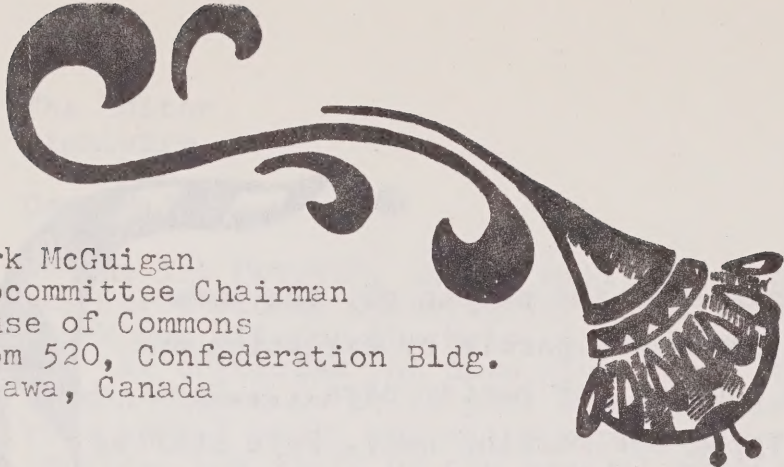
Nancy and Terry are leaving too...so we will need more articles and feedback from the population, do submit your point of view at any time.

I would also like to congratualte our new recreation officer Ian Lyle. He has been doing a fine job. He is the first one since I have been here, that is really doing his job. He has energy for everyone, and gets everyone involved.

It is very refreshing to have someone like him in here. Keep it up Ian.

Congratulations to our baseball team the "ANGELS", they won the championship this year in the Kingston Misfit League. Some fine playing there.....

H. Friederica Martin



Herbert Crawford #36066
P.O. Box 1000
Steilacoom, Wash., 98388
July 19, 1977

Mark McGuigan
Subcommittee Chairman
House of Commons
Room 520, Confederation Bldg.
Ottawa, Canada

Dear Mr. McGuigan;

I was shocked when I read your comments about McNeil Island Prison in the Vancouver Sun, April 4, 1977. It is a sad, sad, state of affairs for you to even suggest to the people of your nation that McNeil be used as a model for your prison system there. It is disgraceful for you to consider crushing and destroying human beings in the same manner that the American Prisons destroy. It is shameful that you as a trusted, elected official could base such a critical decision, involving so many human lives, on such limited information as your brief tour of this prison and the distorted picture painted for you by a self-serving public relations team could possibly produce.

Here are some of the chilling facts concerning the "cheerful" atmosphere you speak about that exists here at McNeil.

Last October, the entire "cheerful" population went out on a work and food strike in protest of the intolerable conditions that prevailed then and have deteriorated constantly since. Numerous stabbings, pipings, and killings have resulted in the past few months. In fact, just the week before you were here, two near fatal pipings took place on two separate occasions. A week after your visit, a man was brutally stabbed to death by another "cheerful" prisoner. Three weeks later, a gang fight erupted in the main corridor and in full view of prison guards who did nothing to prevent the violence and bloodshed. One man lay dead in a pool of his own blood; two others were badly cut and wounded; several more were kicked, beaten, cut and mauled by other "cheerful" inmates. Within the past month here in this cheerful atmosphere, two prison guards have been attacked by "cheerful" prisoners. The atmosphere becomes more cheerful and more violent every passing day.

As to the hole or solitary confinement going out with "high button shoes", as Warden Putman so blithely stated, if it did, then all I can say is that the whole world must have dumped their high button shoes right here on this island. There are over 50 men here in the hole right now. They are beaten by prison guards, harassed constantly, and denied basic needs.

The sticks and carrots you talk about keeping us so cheerful as forced labor slaves has nothing to do with the sticks or carrots nor guns nor clubs inside prison walls. The latter exists here all right, but, The American Prisons have more effective, more powerful, and more destructive weapons than guns and clubs or sticks and carrots. They use the removal of all hope; something no man can exist without. They so thoroughly destroy human beings that they turn them into zombies, dead men, walking vegetables. They churn out more violent and dangerous criminals from this prison alone than exists in the whole nation of Canada.

cont.

Far from being the cheerful atmosphere you speak about, the mood here is death. It is not the sticks and carrots, it is not the guns and clubs keeping the prisoners in line, but a few prisoners struggling to prevent needless violence and bloodshed desperately desired by the justice system. If Warden Putman and the justice system continue to apply pressure, this place will soon explode into an eruption of violence exceeding Attica a few years ago.

Warden Putman is an expert in distorting the facts and in making self-serving platitudes to the public. He is also a criminal. He has been arrested several times in the local area for his drunkenness and debauched behaviour. He has served weekends in the Tacoma City Jail. There are now several lawsuits pending against him for his many violations of the law; more are being prepared.

If it is your desire, Mr. McGuigan, to go down in history as the man responsible for persuading the Canadian People to install such a prison system as ours, utterly destroying every human being it touches, then by all means use McNeil as your model. Hitler, too, had a very effective system. You might adopt a few of his ideas. His victims marched cheerfully to the slave factory. Hitler also had an effective public relations team, if you'll remember. If you do persuade your country to follow the 200 year failure of American Prisons, in my opinion, this would be a crime against humanity.

If, instead, you are truly concerned about your crime up there and wish to do something about it, then I suggest you look elsewhere for your model. We have the highest crime rate in the world. We have the highest rate of recidivism, and the greatest number of people locked in cages. We have the most violent society in the western free world. Doesn't this tell you something about our entire prison system?

I am sending you several articles which I have written concerning the American Justice System. One has recently been bought by Penthouse Magazine and should appear sometime in the near future. My wife has mailed over 10,000 copies each through out the United States. Perhaps these will give you a different perspective for your consideration.

I might also suggest that you write to Mr. Andy Hall, co-ordinator for the national Moratorium on Prison Construction, 3106 Mt. Pleasant St., N.W., Washington D.C. 20010. He will gladly send to you vital statistics relating to our bankrupt prison system in this nation. You can also obtain crucial facts regarding the failure of our prison system from the numerous Congressional Hearings, and from the many Presidential Crime Commission reports. I can personally recommend to you any number of studies, books, and articles if you desire. These are the facts, Mr. McGuigan, not the efforts of public relations people bent on protecting their positions nor the statements of a drunk incapable of controlling his own affairs, let alone the lives of 1500 men. He is certainly incapable of giving you advice and direction in your penal system in Canada.

I hope you will give these thoughts some consideration in your attempts to make your prison system more humane and effective.

Respectfully,

Herbert Crawford.



"A crisis exists in the Canadian Penitentiary System." (Gee, what was their first clue????) Again, many reports were submitted to our Solicitor General, Mr. Francis Fox. It is imperative that he act immediately on these reports as a matter of utmost urgency. What he actually does with these recommendations is yet to be seen....Will they be filed under "C" along with the rest or will something finally be done??? Severe penal policies reflect public fears, but they do not reduce crime...

"Seven years of comparative peace in the Canadian Penitentiary System ended in 1970 with a series of riots, strikes, murders and hostage takings. This eruption and violence was born of anger and frustration." Why? What's the answer? Even animals re-act unkindly to a mean "keeper." Are we, as human beings, not allowed feelings? Sometimes the only way to attract attention to a problem is to shout about it. In the penal system the solution to everything seems to be stall, stall, stall- - -finally you have to shout.

RECOMMENDATION #2

"The criminal justice system should be carefully re-examined with a view to enlarging the alternatives to incarceration.".....Will we be getting a longer leash??? After so many trips in and out I'm in total agreement with the recommendation. In many cases, jail is not the answer, especially for the young offender. Instead of being rehabilitated his time is usually spent furthering his education in criminal activities.

RECOMMENDATION #32

"Gas should not as a normal practice be employed against a single inmate!" My, I have't read a recommendation like that since before the last "gassing spree" at Millhaven. Imagine, I thought they stopped using gas after World War 2. At Millhaven, in March 1973, gas was used to punish the inmates frequently- - - as often as 3-4 times a week.

RECOMMENDATION #55

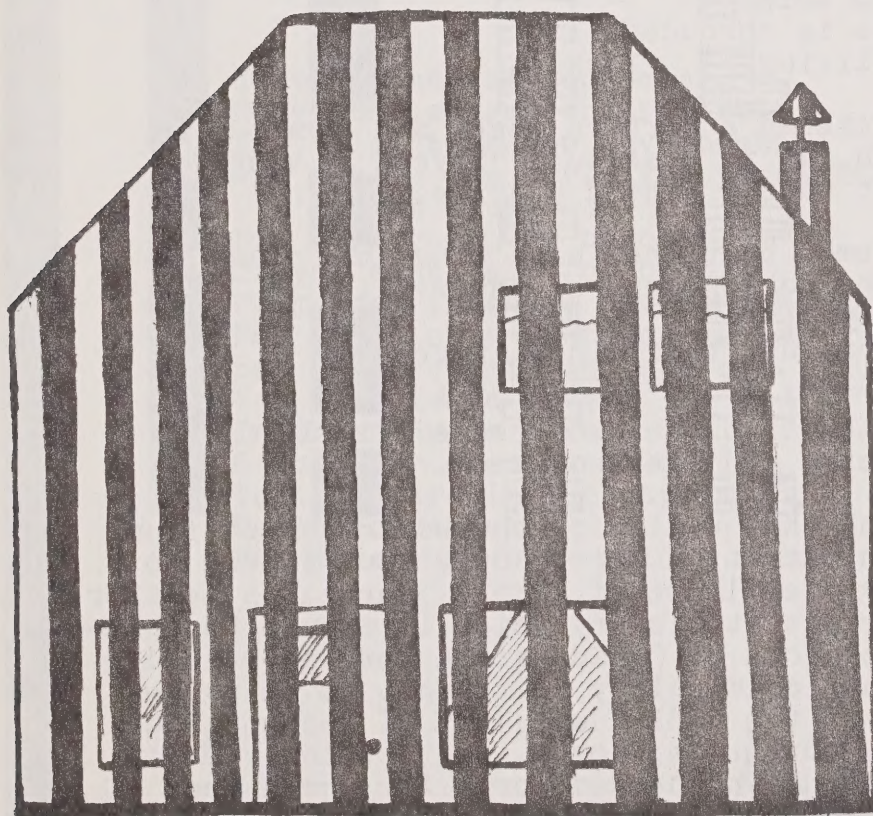
"An immediate beginning must be made on phasing out the Prison for Women!" Really? When is this supposed to happen Mr. Fox? Or were these reports meant to pacify us? I understand several similar reports were made in past years.....yet this building still stands. It seems to me that alot of money is being spent to repair and modernize a building thats supposed to be torn down. One area in which women have equality in Canada---without really trying---is in the national system of punishment. The nature of our offences and our behaviour in prison is totally different than that of men. We don't require this type of maximum security prison. One Commissioner described Prison for Women as "unfit for bears...much less

cont.

women." We sit back quietly and wait for action on these recommendations....no riots....no trouble from P.4.W. Yet, who gets the new buildings??? The diddlers and sex offenders.... How can you justify that Mr. Fox?

You work similar to a doctor who relies on his box of band-aids to cover a wound....Every time theres a "cut" in the system, the sub-committee is sent out to make reports....to repair the "cut" with a bandaid....to try and pacify the inmates with more promises. A bandaged wound will heal....but it will take alot more than that to "heal" the problems in the system. The sonner you realize this, the better it will be for all concerned.

Faye Fontaine.



THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN....

by Jane Arnott

This journal, WOMEN'S PEN, contains poems, stories and illustrations by women about their prison experiences. It grew out of a Creative Writing Workshop held once a week at the Kingston Prison for Women, and I hope more issues will be forthcoming.

The works of a number of women are represented, and throughout the quality of life in prison is reflected.

I knew as I touched my desk
I was not free to touch the earth
and, aware,
still enclosed in my space
in this new place
in here I prefer the dream
to the reality
when I can. (Twitchin)

Images of coldness and loneliness are common, as is a strong sense of time suspended.

waiting for no one
yet the tap drips
and silence is shrouded
in others living (Vicki)

In a few of the pieces a certain anger and sense of injustice come through, as in Rose Wu's "Psyche of a bank robber" which looks at causes behind a crime.

It just seemed that they hadn't had the chance
to flourish, to make use of their talents,
their energy..
Nor their brains, their initiative.
No opportunity, no encouragement.

Like the others Ann felt oppressed finally
by the poverty and the isolation.

Generally, I think the quality of the works varied from weak to good with much potential throughout. But I tend to feel that the literary excellence of such a journal is neither its raison d'être, nor a criterion by which it should be solely judged. Women in prisons in Canada are a very oppressed group. Generally female criminality is thought to be pathological-- a weakness of the individual, not of society. The works in this journal counter this myth, and I think WOMEN'S PEN provides an excellent and needed forum for women who are having or have had prison experiences to share them with themselves and others, and to grow in their own awareness of these experiences. What slapped me in the face, when first

reading this volume, was a sense of futility communicated in different ways in almost all of the works. This is a starting point. Women have generally been conditioned to internalize their anger and frustration, turning it against themselves. This is reinforced by the kinds of isolation we experience as women. I would hope that WOMEN'S PEN will grow and reduce that isolation among women with prison experience. I would hope too, that as these women talk, read and share their feelings, the awareness of their oppression will become more focused and their work will become a means for directing their anger and frustration outward to the cause.

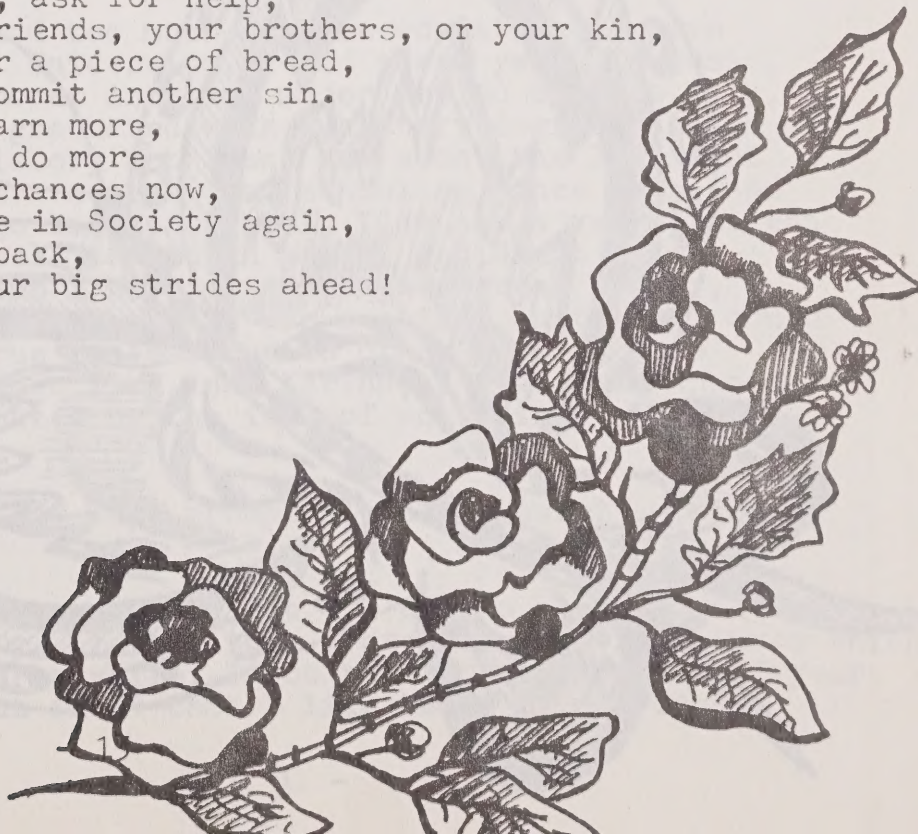
Copies of WOMEN'S PEN are available from:

Tightwire Press
P.O. Box 515
Kingston, Ontario
K7L 4W7

TO FREEDOM

by Rose Wu

In the month of September,
Many inmates got their parole.
Fly, Fly, to a new environment,
And make a new world for yourself.
Don't come back
But work your way through,
If you must, ask for help,
From your friends, your brothers, or your kin,
For a job or a piece of bread,
But don't commit another sin.
You must learn more,
In order to do more
Catch your chances now,
That you are in Society again,
Don't come back,
But make your big strides ahead!





LOVE'S TRAGIC JOURNEY

by: Ted Houser

Our love built from the seasons of the years
Like a pocket of nuggets and gold dust that gathers
On bed rock through the ages
Every storm adding another grain to its richness

UNTIL

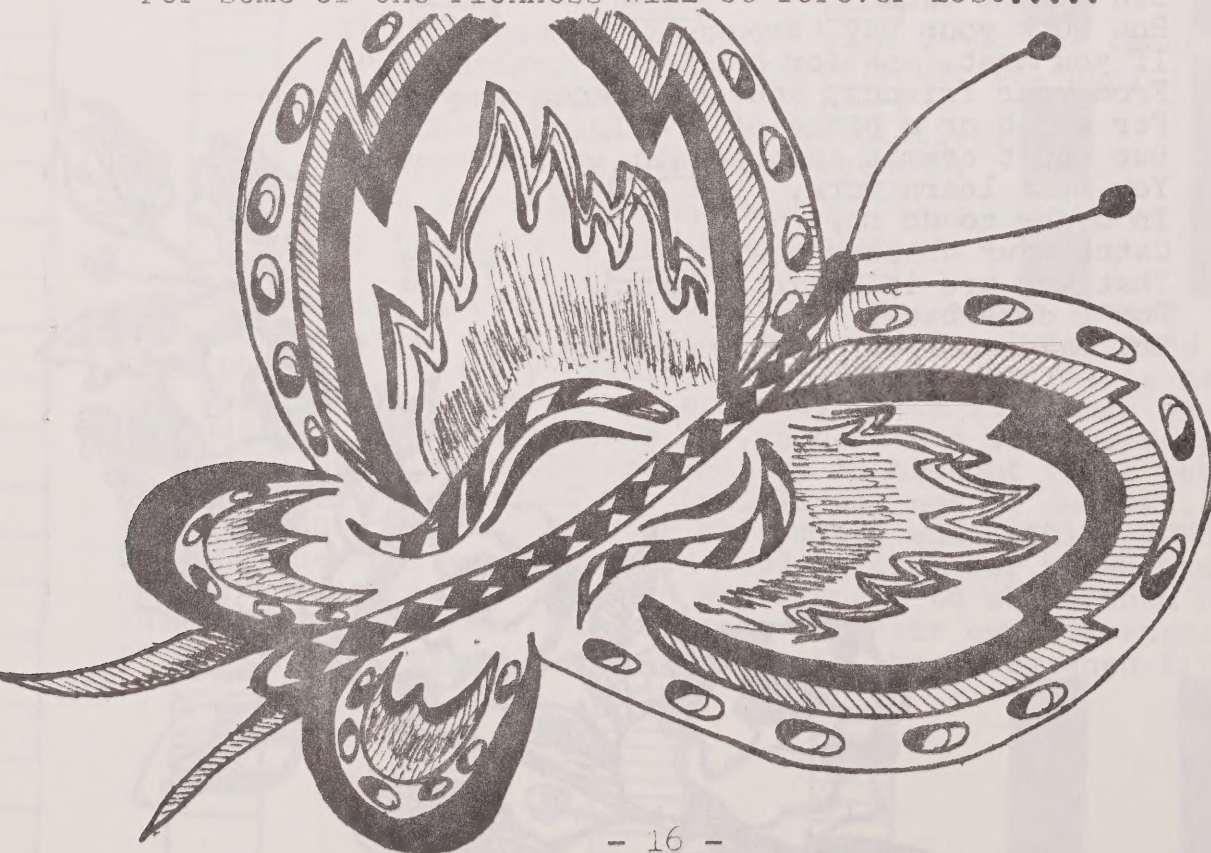
A storm came so great and terrible that
The stream of love was diverted to a different path
This new channel eroded and gnawed away
The foundation of the rock and it split asunder
Spilling the riches of the years
Back into cascading torrents
Leaving only a few scattered gleamings
To mark the place where magic had lived

AND

Those wandering flecks and nuggets will
Gather again in new places
Finding again a bed rock to build on

BUT

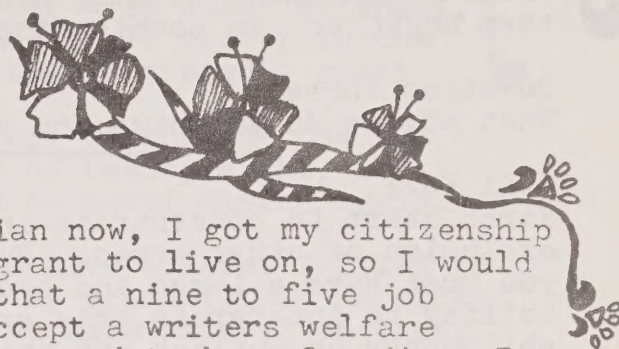
Never again will the treasure be as much
Or as big or shine with the same brightness
For some of the richness will be forever lost.....



Gail Fox, poet, writer, mother and artist - was born on February 5, 1942 into the age of Aquarius. Tightwire was pleased to interview her on the 12th of September.

Question one:

General outlook - Nationality
Travelling
Experience in life



Gail Fox:

I'm originally American, but I am Canadian now, I got my citizenship two years ago. I won a Canada Council grant to live on, so I would not have to have a regular job, I feel that a nine to five job deprives me of certain feelings, so I accept a writers welfare check which is Canada Council. But I am proud to be a Canadian, I would rather be a Canadian than an American; I got disillusioned by the war, disillusioned by the Americans - I have friends that have died in Vietnam.

I studied in England and I have lived one year in Germany and I have been to Mexico, it's about the most exotic place I have been. I think travelling is really good for a writer, because you delve into other languages which broadens your understanding of English.

Experience in life - the most important thing that happened to me, when I was young was my grand-parents, they lived by the ocean, and my grand-father used to take me for walks by the ocean, and used to teach me how to pick up shells, and what their names were, stones, and shipwrecks and so on, he made me really see things that were natural, trees, leaves, flowers, plants, he used to talk about the stars too.... and when I was really young he made tin foil stars, and put them on the ceiling of my room, in his house, and he would come and talk to me about the stars at night, it was a wonderful experience.

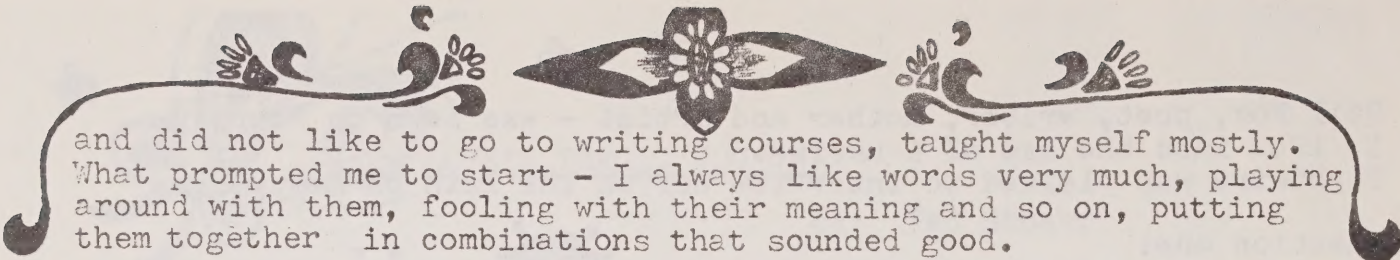
Schooling - I have not had too much advance education, I have got my B.A. from Cornell University, I did three years in music, I was going to be a composer in piano major and do concert work, but I switched over and graduated with a history degree and did some work in Medieval history but found out soon that I did not care much for that, I have not had any schooling since then, and really did not want to go back to school, I am not a very diligent student. I think I am self taught in a way, I did not take Literature in College, but I have always been a great reader, I used to read ten books a week when I was a child, anything I could get my hands on, from true confessions to other sort of more universal, wonderful things like Anna Karina, I read that when I was twelve, I was fascinated by the idea of an illicit affair.

Question two:

When did you begin writing? What prompted you to start?

Gail Fox:

I was writing as a very young child but did not do anything serious until I got to University. I then took a creative writing course which turned me off writing for a while, I got back to it a couple of years later, very strongly, but found that I like being my own boss,



and did not like to go to writing courses, taught myself mostly. What prompted me to start - I always like words very much, playing around with them, fooling with their meaning and so on, putting them together in combinations that sounded good.

Question three:

What advice do you have for potential writers.

Gail Fox:

First start to concentrate in one area and master it to the exclusion of other areas. But first and foremost and above all you must have a large and broad experience of life. Have an ability to intergrate this experience and have some sort of philosophy on outlook and attitude towards things that have happened to you from an early age on. This helps to bind together the experience that transcends into writing. A person who has not lived fully cannot write very well I don't think, because imagination springs from the actual experience, you elaborate on the actual experience.

Do you think that writing every day is important? I think so, it's a skill and you just practice it - when it's not forced it's enjoyable.

Tightwire - It's a discipline to write every day - yes it is a discipline to write every day for several hours, expecially for a beginner, it is a good thing to do, schedules are very important too, as a writer I find that I can write a good three hours a day, then rest or visit people, friends. Being a lonely occupation, something you do by yourself, you'll often find that's its nice for a while to get out of the house, and see people.

Question four:

How many books have you written besides - Gods Odd look
Dangerous Season

Gail Fox:

I have written four books besides Gods Odd Look and Dangerous Season

Question five:

"Gods Odd Look" was written while you were in the mental hospital. Do you mind discussing this experience with us? Why is "God" a prominent subject in your writing?

The first half of Gods Odd Look was written in the mental hospital, the experience of being a mental patient in Ontario is pretty grim, I spent almost a year in a mental hospital in Toronto, in 1964-65, and I think my attitudes towards any kind of institution were very well shaped by that time, because I feel that all institutions have a lot in common, one of them is repression, oppression of the human experience. I can say emphatically enough that institutions are the worst thing that can happen. One of the tragedies of human existence. It is an experience that can break a person if they are not broken already, or it can help I've seen that too it can be a reconstruction. God a prominent subject - not really, a new framework, I establish my feelings in, ideas, it is metaphoric. Do You Believe in God? I believe in the spirits - lets put it that way, a spirit that animates stones, that makes the earth a

soul - you know a kind of being which is sort of the beginning of my force, or something.

Let us talk of some of your poems - Dancer - is about Nejenski, some people think that he was the foremost male dancer in the world, when he was alive, he was a man that possessed a great gift for dancing.

Tightwire - At one time was his mind a bit disturbed? He had a very short career, because at the age of twenty eight, he became catatonic he could not move, and he never danced again, he became totally mad, schizophrenic.

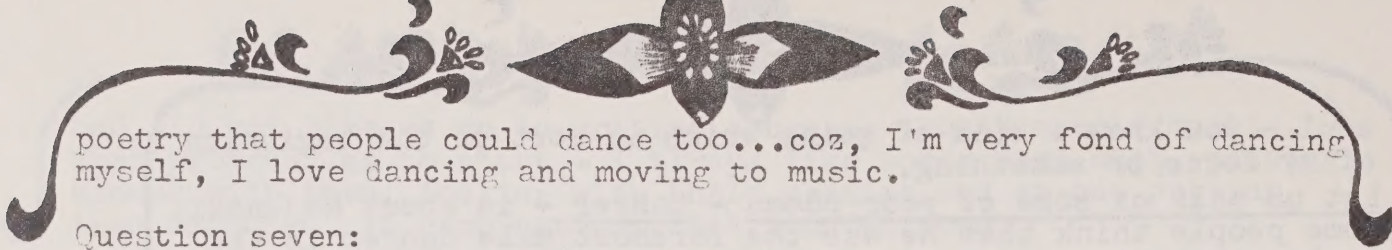
Stone Spirits I always felt that stones have a life, I liked to hold them up, I think that ties back to my grand-father he picks things up with such care and respect, you know natural objects, teach me how to touch them and feel them, he is a wonderful person, he is still alive and he is eighty six years old.

Question six:

Talk to us about your latest book which is now being published.

Gail Fox:

"The Stranger" It is an exploration of my physic and journeys since my marriage dissolved three years ago. It contains poems which I think are some of my very best, some of them face the idea of death for the first time, I've never really gone into that before. When you hit thirty four or five, you start thinking about death... I don't know why and besides writers seem pre-occupied with death. They begin to feel as though they are getting older, and they want to write a body of work that is way beyond them, you start getting very angry because people start dying on you. My mother in law died two years ago and I wrote a wonderful poem.... I wrote it a year after her death she was a very formidable person and I had quite ambivalent feelings about her. Infact when she died I only cried once, that was when I went to the hospital, to see her body just lying there. And I broke into tears....I had seen what she was and what she should have been.... I was not in touch with my grief, I don't think I was grieving for a long time. Then a year after the happening of the event, I found myself very sad about it so I wrote this poem and I felt better. It talks about how angry I feel about people dying and I said "now that you're dead, we have our own deaths to conserve. This book has not gone to the publishers yet... it has a lot of poems in it, poems written for various people that have been in my life since the dissolvment of my marriage. One of the nicest things about my poetry, is that feeling-wise it's susceptible to a lot of people. Sometimes you do not have to really grasp the meanings because the feelings are so obvious. For people that are some-what hesitant about poetry...my poetry is a simpler affair than lots of other peoples poetry.....for example, Margaret Atwood, her poetry tends to be clinical and a little bit abstract. She casts a cold eye. Also I feel that her poetry lacks something because it does not have a rhythmic sense to it.... which I think is essential to good poetry. It's like a series of flat statements put together, it does not have the kind of movement that I like to put into my poetry. I like to play with the words.. toss them around in my head...sometimes I can hear the words being sung...sort of chanting...It would be nice to write the kind of



poetry that people could dance too...coz, I'm very fond of dancing myself, I love dancing and moving to music.

Question seven:

What kind of release do you get from writing?

Gail Fox:

I find this tremendous release, infact, I said once to a friend, and other people have said this too, that it's the kind of release I get from orgasm, that I enjoy from orgasm...nice, dreamy relaxed feeling...good sex... drowsy feeling, not complete exhaustion but a beautiful ease. There's a kind of a built up of tension before I write a poem, I can feel it building up. building up, building up..... it's a wonderful feeling when it's finally written and typed up. My books come together slowly, so I have little build ups and releases all the way through. When it's finally done, I don't have any sense of release though because it's already gone from me. With each poem that is written for it, a little bit of it dies for me.... I go back to a writer as an outsider really.

Question eight:

Do you draw most of your ideas from experience or imagination?

Gail Fox:

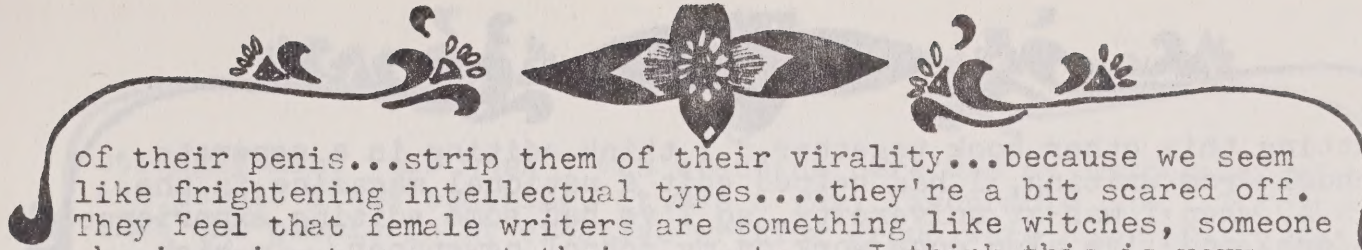
Well, I think experience, being factual and reasonable..... usually reasonable.....then imagination follows experience. You have the experience first then your imagination elaborates on it, you experience something and then you can elaborate on it...You can also imagine something you have not experienced, although the imagination ~~does~~ not function as well as if the experience comes first. If you have one experience of "buggery", for example, (which I haven't) you can then elaborate on all variations of it... if you have a pet chimpanzee.....you can go from there...smile... the sky's the limit. You get my point? Where as if you just imagine this, I think you might get very far off base...if you start from point one you can move to point two....

Question nine:

What is the attitude of men in general - towards female writers?

Gail Fox:

I find that my fellow writers, who are mostly male, are sometimes quite jealous of me.... personally speaking...as a writer... because I'm good... because I can be first rate at times.... I think I have the capacity to be first rate eventually...and, I'm often told because I am, or was, beautiful, that this certainly makes advantages for me... and certainly many of my poems come to me, because, after all... I certainly am a delightful person... and so beautiful, etc. etc. But perhaps this is only some sort of backhanded compliment...I'm not sure... one is never sure. Sounds like it could be. Seriously, I do think people that are artists, their attitudes are very good toward female writers, for the most part. I think that people in other occupations that are male feel that female writers are like dragon ladies....going to strip them



of their penis...strip them of their virality...because we seem like frightening intellectual types....they're a bit scared off. They feel that female writers are something like witches, someone who is going to pry out their secrets....I think this is very accurate.....I'm only guessing because I have never actually heard a male say this ... to... me...but I've suspected this for sometime. There's no problem with publishers...if they like your work, they'll be glad to do it....there isn't the same kind of relationship. I find, quite often, that men in general, often want to dismiss the part of you which is a writer immediately..."Oh, you're a writer... fine...let's fuck..." Get to the basics...he wants to get it out of the way so he can think of you as whatever you are I feel it's a threat to them. They don't really take me too seriously (as a writer) when I start to talk about writing.... they just seem to think I'm leading up to the big fuck. When really, all I want to talk about is my work. Some show genuine interest...this happens too.

Question ten:

What kind of feedback do you get from your family and friends.... about your work?

Gail Fox:

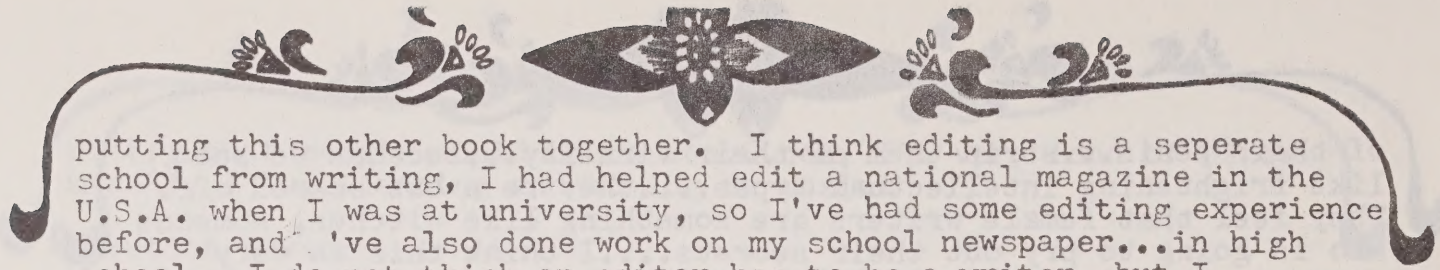
Well, I generally get good feedback... especially from my last book... I think that writers, at the beginning at least, not held to be in much account by their family...sort of like "profit's without honour." ...I think I experienced that when my first books came out...There was a reason for that... because some of the earlier poems dealt with problems in my family..but these are things that have been mostly resolved now..so I think my family feels better about having a poet in the family. My friends have generally been very supportive of my writing, and the fact that I write pleases them...but I have had friends who don't really understand what I'm up to...who like me more as a person...who don't even read my poetry. A little bit of resistance is always good. ..it doesn't seem to detract from a good friendship....if they really understand or care about what I'm doing as a writer..it doesn't seem to make any difference.. I do have friends who care very much..those are the nicest kind.....Writing is a very essential part of my makeup.

Question eleven:

What do you do now? How has writing helped you get to this point?

Gail Fox:

I edit a small magazine called "Quarry". This is a very back breaking job..I have a staff who is working with me, but most of the manuscripts selection.....rejections and so on.... probably deal with about fifty or sixty manuscripts a month....this takes a fair amount of time... I don't believe in writing a very short rejection... I write a small letter to each person...unless they are people I want to completely discourage...people I don't want to hear from again...they write hymns...smile... I receive articles from all over North America, all the English speaking countries of the world... That's one of the things I do - now the other thing is write,



putting this other book together. I think editing is a separate school from writing, I had helped edit a national magazine in the U.S.A. when I was at university, so I've had some editing experience before, and 've also done work on my school newspaper...in high school. I do not think an editor has to be a writer, but I think that because I do write, it helps me understand what people are doing who send manuscripts in. I have a better understanding of what they are up to...it causes me to feel more sympathy for them if things don't work out...so, in that way, I think 'm probably a better editor since I do write, then what I may have been if I wasn't a writer. I think if I didn't write...I'd be a much more cut throat, editor.

Question twelve:

Where do you see your work taking you to?

Gail Fox:

I think my work is a translation of my experience...as I change and develop as a human being..it's about the translation and explanation of myself, to myself. It's like creating a mirror image of myself in respects. When I am through with a book I find that, sometimes, I have about fifty different mirrors to look into...that are all me....and they all show a different image.. You become aware, as a writer how multiple our personalities are... "Three Faces of Eve" is just a more focused or elaborate idea of the multiple ego states we all have..as people. I read one book where a person had 77 personalities they had to work out with a psychiatrist....but I think as writers, we all become aware of the incredible potentialities we all have to express ourselves...in various ways as people. We all have within us, a great collection of interesting personalities and I think writing helps us to focus on some of these. I do not think I will ever stop writing...I see it as sort of a continuing process. You can go a long stretch of time without doing much..and then you can have a short space of two days in your life in which you seem to develop so much... that all the parts afterwards and before seem to be meaningless. We have all experienced how infinite a few moments can seem sometimes when we are happy.....and how endless other times can be when we are sad....weight reduction is like that...we all think about that, being women...we're so vain about our figures.. smile. ..men are like that to..that's a secretthat we all know.

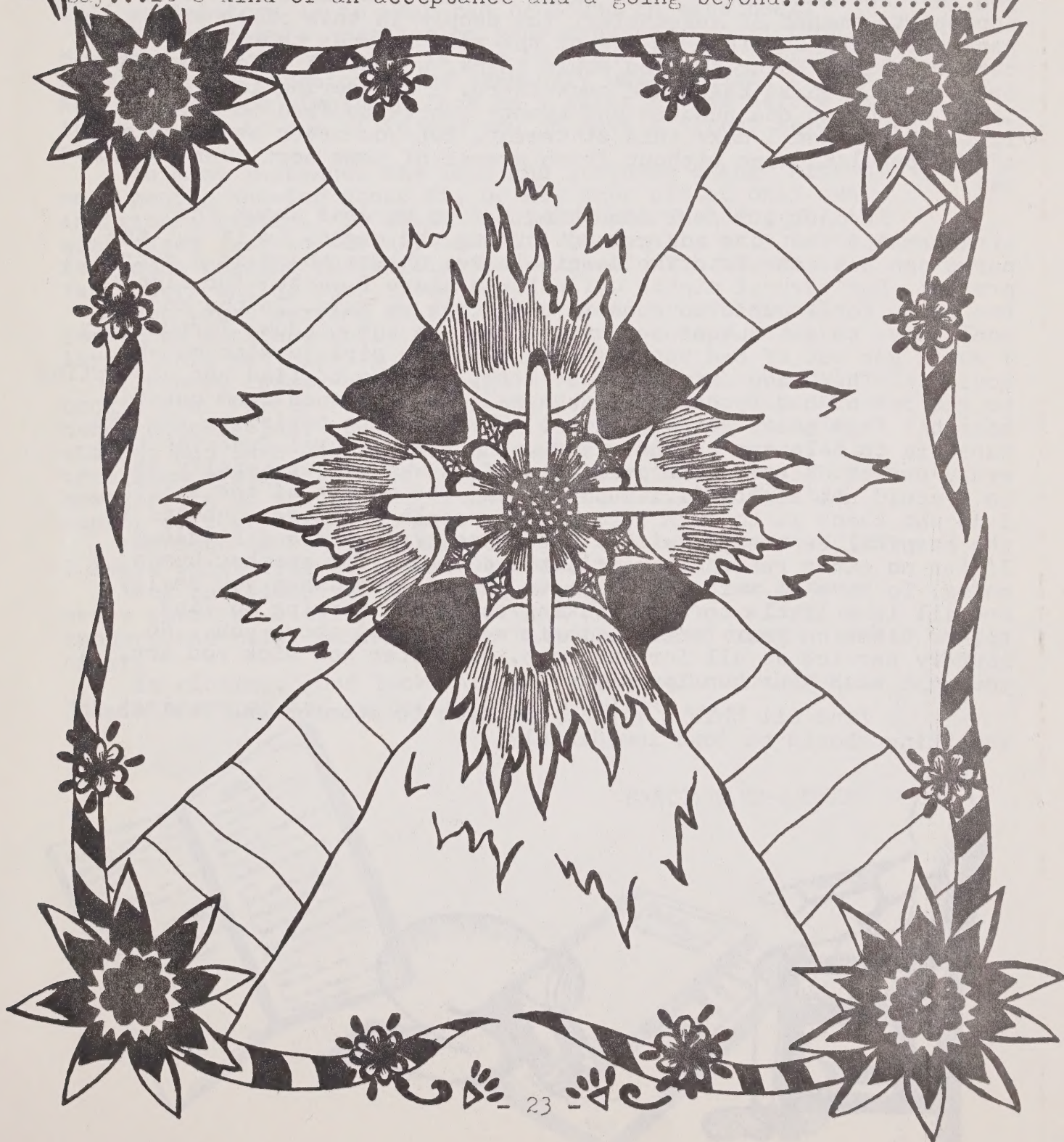
Question thirteen:

Any message for the girls here?

Gail Fox:

Well.....I hope all you girls stay good.. I think that one thing I would like to say here, is that I get really good feelings about this place when I come here...and I like the people I meet here...who are staying here for a while...some of the others who are here continuously (sort of)..the "guest" of the institution.... I find myself very drawn to the girls here. Maybe it is because I have been in this sort of situation before.. in .. and out .. hospitals. One thing which came to me very

strongly last year when I was teaching here was my impression of the people I was teaching, it was a very favourable one. I felt that the people in my creative writing group were beautifully in tune with things, which to me, matters very much.. that is.. transcending the sort of everyday existence and reaching out beyond you to something more universal than inhuman .. and meeting this kind of "spirit" under these circumstances, was to me an inspiration that I'll never forget. It made me realize very strongly, what love, in part, consists of and I think I can only say...it's kind of an acceptance and a going beyond.....



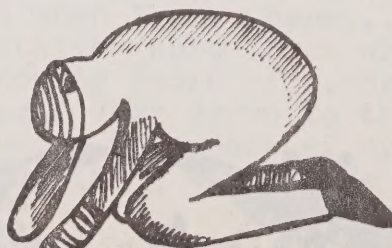
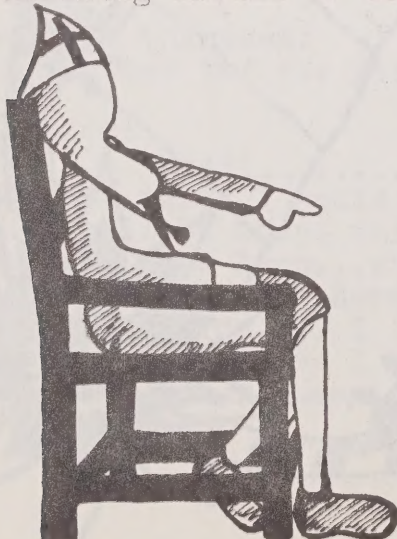
HOSPITAL CARE???

by: Carol Sinclair

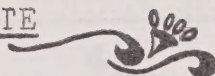
I recently had the occasion to stay in what is commonly called the prison hospital. I say commonly because it most certainly is not like any other hospital that I know of. It's a real shame to think that people are supposed to become well in these surroundings. Every morning during the week of my stay, there was eggs for breakfast and they were cold as is all the food you get. Not once did I get a salad or what I would consider an appropriate amount of vegetables. The people in this place are generally sick and food is one of the main sources there is to better health. Being so, you would think, a special effort would be made to prepare the meals sent there. I am bearing in mind that there are about one hundred and twenty people to feed in this institution when I make this statement. But you never see the rest of the population go without fresh greens of some sort over a whole day.

Secondly, I feel something has to be done about the arrangements that are now present during the night. As it is, the nurse can not come into the hospital area unless there is a matron present. For several nights while I was there I waited for almost two hours for a nurse to come in and treat my pain. In the end I would have to get out of bed and go bang on the window. Fortunately I could get out of bed but there was another girl in with me who couldn't. The second night I was there, I awoke to find her attempting to get out of bed by herself. (she had just returned from outside hospital from under going surgery.) She had been trying to get the nurse in to help her to the washroom. A very natural function that every person deserves the privilege of. I was almost totally deaf so I could not hear her....but what was the excuse of the staff? I do not think it to much to ask that people that are sick and in the hospital be treated with a little more respect and kindness. If for no other reason than a little courtesy for another human being. To have to wait five days to see a doctor when you really are ill is a little to much. Waking up in the morning to find spider bites on your face.... their web hanging above you.. No laundry service at all for patients. No matter how sick you are, you must wash your own laundry.

I find all this a little too much to stomach and feel that something should be done immediately.



LAW LIBRARY NOW COMPLETE



The prison now has a very up to date and complete law library. It is situated in a special section of the library and accessible to all.

Books can not be taken out but there is a study desk that can be used to research any question that may arise.

A carding system has been designed under both subject heading and book title. The cards are easy to read and self explanatory as to what can be found in each book.

If you have a question on your sentence, conviction, or how your time is computed it can be found in the library. Many of these questions were seemingly unattainable before. Now it is quite simple to look up a point of law before calling a lawyer to see if indeed you do have a direct legal complaint.

In many instances the laws and statutes change without most people knowing about it, or how they affect ones own individual status. To obtain a clear understanding and in some cases just to satisfy oneself, it usually only takes a few hours reading to familiarize yourself with the major facts surrounding your situation.

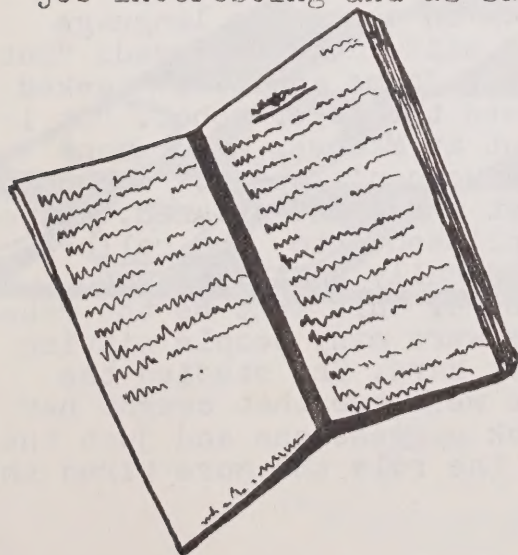
For those serving multiple sentences or additional sentences obtained while on parole or via escape and at large, this can clarify your situation.

In most cases, and although I've tried with the help of books, Mrs. Porter (Gladys) is the leading authority on sentence computation. Books and the intricacies of changing statues and laws can become confusing. This is especially true when applied to ones computation of time. Mrs. Porter however, is on top of the situation and can clarify this aspect of your situation most competently.

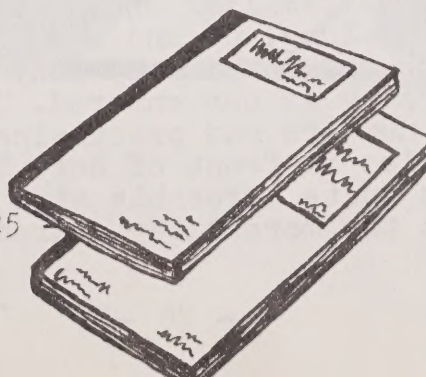
Marlene Andres is taking over in the law library after I leave which will be before you read this

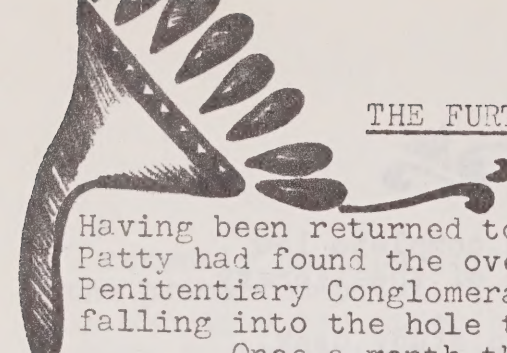
Any questions you may have, bring to her, but please write them out clearly as it takes a few hours to find the answers and helps enormously to have the facts concise and clear.

In closing, good luck Marlene, I hope you find the job interesting and as satisfying as I have



NANCY WARD-ARMOUR





THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PATTY PEEK

BY: Nancy Ward-Armour

Having been returned to Madness Manor for quite some time now, Patty had found the overprotective womb environment of Kanada Penitentiary Conglomerate much resembled Alice's predicament after falling into the hole that led to Wonderland.

Once a month the Freedom Board met to play darts at Madness Manor. Each dart had a corresponding number to each inmate. Patty was told there was one dart in the big dart bowl that matched her number too, and all she had to do was have a freedom member choose hers to have a chance at the monthly big prize.

"What is the big prize?" Patty asked. "Why a chance to play freedom, of course" the freedom member replied. "How do I get my dart chosen?" asked Patty. "By successfully winning at the rehabilitation game." stated the member. "Oh, I want to play, I want to play" Patty babbled excitedly - and we all know how peek freaks babble when excited or, for that matter, how peek freaks just plain babble, on and on, about the same old thing, over and over again until the mundane monotony of their incessant babbling is just about enough to make anyone yell SHUT UP FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.....

Following the freedom members instructions she finally wound up at the door to the re-programming room.

"Hi, I'm Patty" she said tripping lightly through the door. "Go back and take two scissor steps" ordered the instructor, "you didn't say May I." Taking the required steps backward Patty shouted "Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam, may I cross your wide, wide, river?" Realizing the girls quick intelligence and eagerness to learn the instructor replied "green light," and Patty entered the room where the instructor sat in front of the Monotony Board. "You get **one throw**" he said, passing the dice. Landing on Chance she drew a card that said, "You miss one turn." "This means your dart cannot be thrown at this month's Freedom Board," sneered the instructor, "you must try harder at the rehabilitation game." You may come back next month for another lesson.

Receiving another re-programming card, Patty went back to Go to study the enclosed monthly schedule. "I'll play their game" she mused determinedly. This promised to be much fun as a party-pac of unloaded bats and a book of unsolvable puzzles for any peek freak.

Entering a door off Happiness Hall with a flashing neon sign that subliminally read "fly the friendly skies," she approaches one of the robots manufactured by the outside-inside university. The robots were handing out questionnaires written in a strange language called fortran-four. "But I can't read this" said Patty confused. "But I can" the robot sputtered. "but how does that do me any good?" asked Patty. "This is a new project, try it", spewed the eager robot. "It is not new, I have seen robots handing these out at Madness Manor many times, they are always in this same language we can't speak." stated Patty. "That does not compute, take your test sheet and proceed." uttered the robot. Taking the familiar sheet Patty climbed onto the roller-coaster that zipped along, up and down sporadically until she was deposited at a door marked xxxx by many members. This must be the rehearsal room thought Patty as she entered. There were many people sitting around trying new numbers and practising very hard. She studied the multiple choice roles in front of her. There were two that caught her attention. One was quite agreeable with quick suggestions and just the right answers, but the more Patty stared at the role the more tired she

Cont.

become. Yawning, she said to the sales clerk, "It doesn't seem to have a lasting appeal, and the material is just a little too transparent." "Yes," replied the clerk, "it seems to have that effect on everyone after a few glances," he sighed putting it back in the closet.

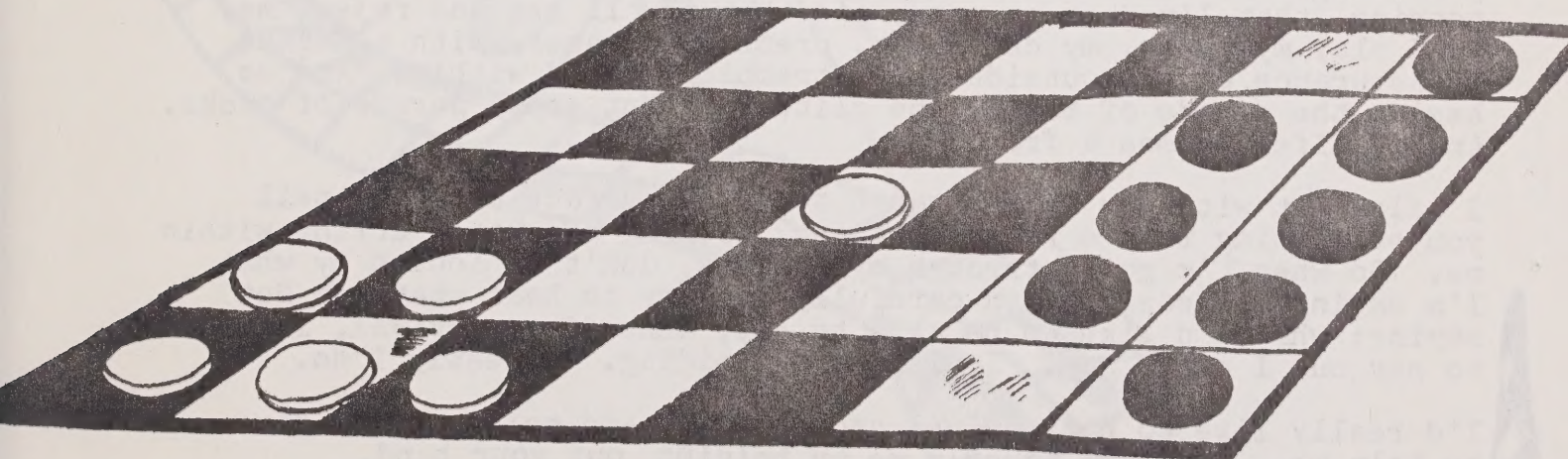
The other role seemed lighter and though a bit daring, the material promised to wear better and was not quite so boring. "I'll take it" exclaimed Patty.

Climbing into her new role Patty once again approached the Freedom Board. "Back so soon," the member asked suspiciously? Patty handed him her dart anxiously. Putting on a blindfold, the freedom member began to spin around while the other board members sang, "ready, aim, fire," and the dart sailed across the room hitting the wall opposite the dart board. "You lose at the freedom game," giggled the panel, "but when your time is up we will put you on a twenty-five mile leash and let you enter muddle maze lane." "But I want to go home to Tanglewood Tunnels where all the other peek freaks live," cried Patty. "If you make it through muddle maze lane, you can return to Tanglewood Tunnels," said the members.

Time soon passed and Patty found herself at the entrance to muddle maze lane. Feeling quite like a well used ping pong ball, Patty tried to gather all her marbles together in preparation for the mind games in the notorious lane.

Deciding against sneaking off to the first twenty-four hour Peek-N-Freak Service Center, Patty got on the end of some heavy weed and determined to do some heavy meditating with what marbles she had left.

Tune in next time you are around muddle maze lane for the Further Adventures of Patty Peak and the all night Peek Freaks, brought to you by Quickstart, the breakfast cereal of champions, and your friendly neighbourhood twenty-four hour Peek-N-Freak Service Centers.



The Earl Nightengale Program- - -"Our Changing World."

submitted by: F. Fontaine

The following article was broadcast on C.K.L.C. radio station, I found it to be interesting, so I wrote to Mr. Nightengale and requested a copy. I believe that all of us, in some way, can relate to it, if we're honest with ourselves.....

"Don't Be Fooled.....Please Hear What I'm Not Saying.."

Don't be fooled by me. Don't be fooled by the mask I wear. For I wear a mask, I wear a thousand masks that I'm afraid to take off, and none of them is me. Pretending is an art that is second nature with me, but don't be fooled.

I give the impression that I'm secure, that all is sunny and unruffled with me, with in as well as with out; that confidence is my name and coolness is my game. That the waters are calm and that I'm in command and I need no-one. But don't believe it; please don't

My surface may seem smooth, but my surface is my mask, my ever-varying and ever concealing mask. Beneath lies no smugness, no coolness, no complacency. Beneath dwells the real me, in confusion, in fear, in loneliness. But I hide this; I don't want anybody to know it. I panic at the thought of my weakness being exposed. That's why I frantically create a mask to hide behind, a nonchalant sophisticated facade to help me pretend, to shield me from the glance that knows. But such a glance is precisely my salvation. My only salvation. And I know it. It's the only thing that can liberate me from myself, from my own self built prison walls, from the barriers that I so painstakingly erect. But I don't tell you this. I don't dare. I'm afraid to.

I'm afraid your glance will not be followed by love and acceptance. I'm afraid that you will think less of me, that you'll laugh, and your laugh will kill me. I'm afraid that deep down inside I'm nothing, that I'm just no good, and that you'll see and reject me. So I play my games, my desperate, pretending games, with a facade of assurance on the outside and a trembling child within. And so begins the parade of masks, the glittering but empty parade of masks. And my life becomes a front.

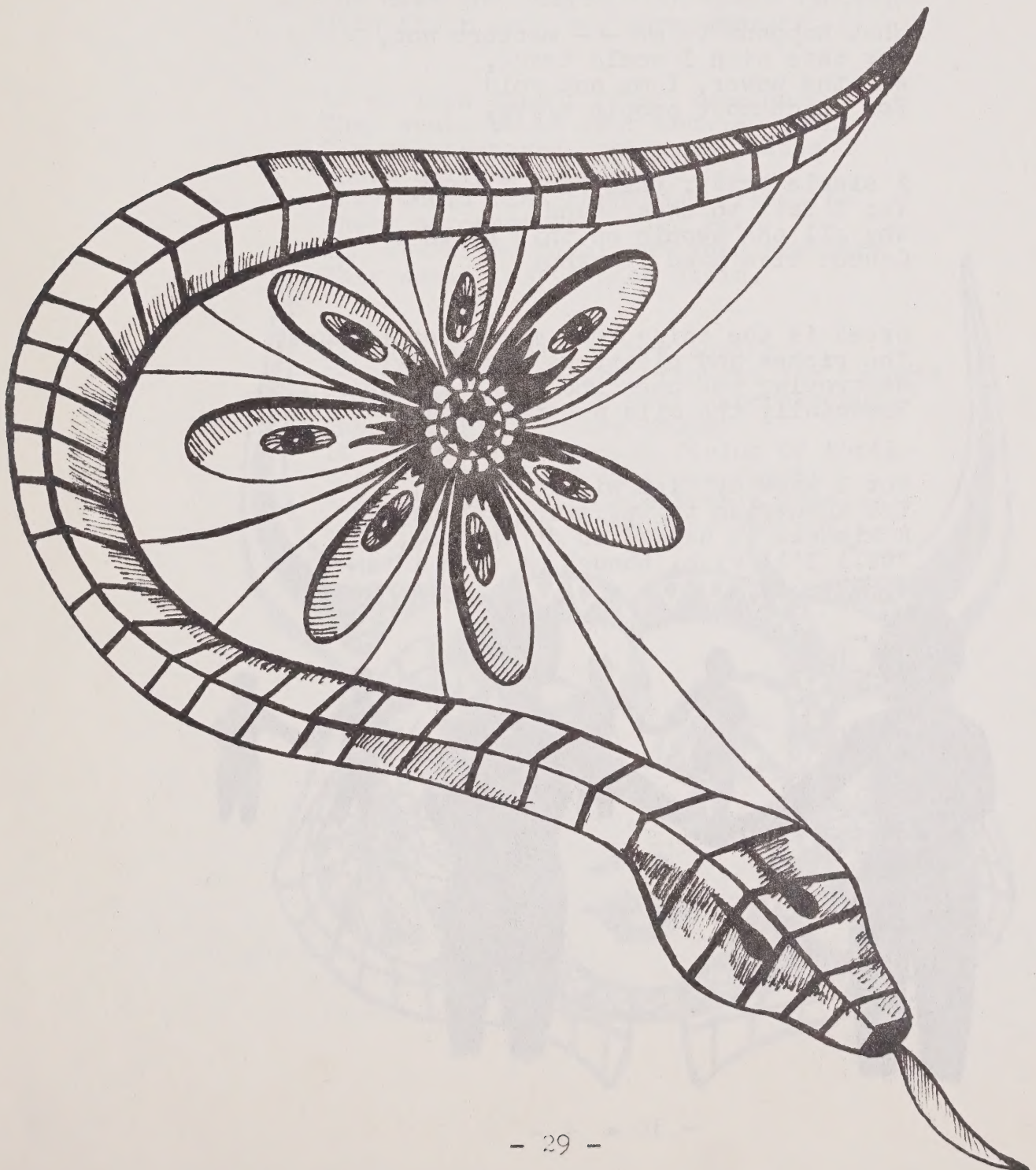
I idly chat with you in the suave tones of surface talk. I tell you everything that's really nothing, nothing of what's crying within me. So when I'm going through my routine, don't be fooled by what I'm saying. Please listen carefully and try to hear what I'm Not saying; what I'd like to be able to say; what, for survival, I need to say but I can't say. I dislike the hiding. Honestly I do.

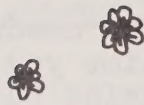
I'd really like to be genuine, spontaneous, and me; but you have to help me. You have to help me by holding out your hand,

continued...

even when that's the last thing I seem to want or need. Each time you are kind and gentle and encouraging, each time you try to understand because you really care, my heart begins to grow wings. Very small wings. Very feeble wings. But wings. With your sensitivity and sympathy and your power of understanding, I can make it. You can breathe life into me. It will not be easy for you. A long conviction of worthlessness builds strong walls, and therein lies my hope. Please try to beat down those walls with firm hands, but with gentle hands.

Who am I, you may wonder? I am someone you know very well. For I am every man, every woman, every child, every human you meet.....





MY WISH

by: John Wilson

McNeil Island Pen

If I could make one special wish,
I know what it would be,
To end all suffering, strife and pain
That plagues humanity.

What happens to me -- matters not,
For this wish I would trade,
All the power, fame and gold
For which most people crave.

A simple thing, this wish I seek,
Yet I fail to understand,
Why all the people on this earth
Cannot live hand in hand.

Greed is the thing that makes people want,
The riches and pleasures they seek,
Destroying the ones who stand in their path,
Especially the mild and the meek.

But I know my wish will never be,
The answering to suffering and pain.
A miracle is needed to do the job,
Still I'll wish, though my wish is in vain.



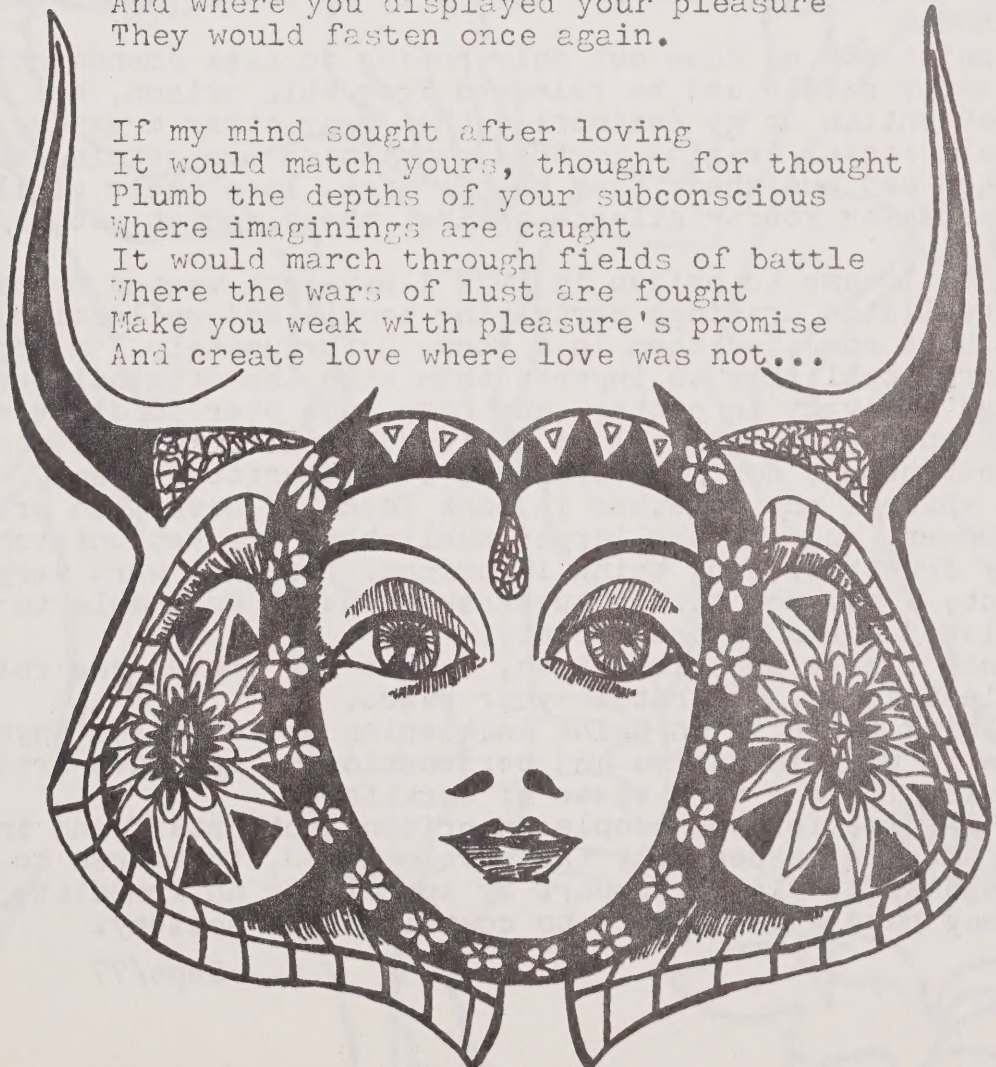
LOVE IS: LOVING YOU

By: Ted Houser

If my eyes sought after beauty
They would rest upon your face
On your breasts so firm and lovely
On your hips of silken grace
They would glide down dusky valleys
To your secret hidden place
And make you quiver with their wanting
With their knowing, warm embrace.

If my lips sought after sweetness
They would taste your honeyed skin
Sip the nectared, perfumed places
Where delight is found within
They would find forbidden treasures
Where no other lips have been
And where you displayed your pleasure
They would fasten once again.

If my mind sought after loving
It would match yours, thought for thought
Plumb the depths of your subconscious
Where imaginings are caught
It would march through fields of battle
Where the wars of lust are fought
Make you weak with pleasure's promise
And create love where love was not...



JUSTICE FOR ALL

by: Rose Wu

I am doing life for one act of armed robbery, without having kept or spent the money, without hurting or killing anyone. I have done five years solid since April 1972. You think you have to look far to other regions for injustice??? You can see it right here in Canada, in my case and many other cases as well. I view my sentence as a blow against creative artists and intellectuals.

At the armed robbery trial I told Judge J. O'Driscole that at the time my life had a bad turn and I wanted to commit suicide through the robbery, expecting the police would shoot me when trying to catch me. Since the suicide attempt had failed, I decided I must live and therefore hope that I would be treated leniently, so that I may soon get back to society and contribute my work and skills.

The Judge looked through my numerous drawings and my education record: high school graduate; art training in the universities in Paris France and London England; graduate in Culinary Art; chef training in the George Brown College of Technology in Toronto. Then he said: "You are one of the unfortunate ones who has a high I.Q." and then sentenced me to life imprisonment-- for a mere armed robbery. Many others commit similar or even more serious offences only got a sentence of 2-5 years. Some had spent the huge sum that was taken.

Why fight against injustice in other countries? Why protest the persecution of intellectuals in Russia, if we can't fight against it here in Canada?

I point out my case not only hoping to seek amendment; that is to get an early parole and be released from this prison, but also to draw your attention to my estimation that many other creative and brainy people of all racial origins in this population are getting secretly discriminated and punished, they become sick, lose their virilence or die. I am arousing your vigilance against these secret sabotages and attacks.

Since I came to prison in 1972 I have not wasted my time. I have done some realistic drawings portraying people and reflecting the society. I have compiled them in a book. Unfortunately I'm too far from any large publisher to impress them with the original drawings. I have engaged actively in pottery and have made over 50 different models which I designed. But again, I am limited by the prison, I cannot glaze them with refinement nor mass produce. I have written poems, stories and essays which I put together in book forms, I have also written two novels. However, some of the larger publishers are yet unreachable, this is the very frustration of being in prison. Though I work very hard in each project, I may not attain success because I am unable to reach certain related parts of the society.

Since I have been in prison, I have not broken one rule, nor engage in lesbianism, if that is your taboo.

I think there is no point in keeping me in prison anymore unless you believe in discrimination and persecution of creative artists and intellectuals. It is a pure waste of work force.

It is time for the people in prison; both staff and inmates, and the public outside, especially the parole board, to awaken to this state of injustice. Please support my appeal for an immediate parole so that I may have a new chance to contribute to society.

Sept/77



TOGETHERNESS AND PROSPERITY BY ROSELOU.



Trust and Love

by R. Carrier
Classification Officer

Trust is a very important word, for it is a necessary part of our everyday life experiences-- especially, in our interpersonal relationships. Trust is like faith, it breeds confidence because it is based on confidence. One aspect of trust in our present world is quite explicit - we all break trust because we are human and fallible. The objects in which we place our trust also fail us, for nothing created by man is perfect and invariably breaks down.

When a trust is broken sometimes we are saddened and/or disappointed, and sometimes we become angry. When both disappointment and anger are present anything can happen because we are torn apart internally and externally.

We can break a trust in two ways - to ourselves and to others. When our own personal trust is broken we fail in our own eyes. We fail to reach a goal or an ideal we have set for ourselves. When we break a trust related to others the accusation sometimes is an undermining of our personal credibility or dependability. A break in trust can be seen as a failure, a personal failure in our own eyes and sometimes in the eyes of others. Since we fall short of our ideals failure in any sense of the word can be humiliating.

Humiliation is a feeling with which we must all cope with, for if we do not feel acceptable in our own eyes it is much more difficult to feel acceptable to others. Accepting and being accepted is a part of love, however sometimes the need to be accepted overshadows the need to accept. If we wait for others to accept first, the onus is on them, and therefore your life and happiness becomes dependent on others. This can lead people down an avenue where all forms of social traps lie:

1) the trap of social responsibility

- a) one must measure up before being recognized as acceptable. In this way personality characteristics or the way one dresses, likes and dislikes, mannerisms, goals in life, even perhaps one's economic status in the community determines how one is acceptable. This breeds alienation groups and underbreeds.
- b) measuring up means changing at a rate or pace acceptable to most, some or even one other person. In this way your past determines your future, unless that it is you can continually reassure others that you are trying and can prove it by service in action. This keeps you on your toes regarding criticism and any statements or rumours that would undermine your social position in a group or between you and your friends.



This trap encourages people to play roles, like an actor before ones friends (or people whom one considers friends) and strangers. This role playing is difficult to carry off successfully because it places a great strain on each of our desires to be accepted as we are without the role. Playing a role introduces more problems such as: safe topics only in conversations; restricted topics of conversation; emphasis on covering up our faults and being overly critical of the faults of others. The measure one used for ourselves is the same measure used for and against others. Justice to others is a two edged sword. What we give is what we receive.

When we think of justice we usually think of courts of law, the police etc. We rarely think of our interpersonal relationships as forums of justice. We condemn as well as extend merely to the people who come into contact with us. When we fault people and punish them we set ourselves up as judges. Promoting alienation among people can be easily done by creating a distinction between people emphasizing their differences, their failings, and their actions. Labeling is a term we are very familiar with because it helps to categorize thereby making our present condition safer by pointing out the hazards and problem areas in the environment. In this way our fears are nurtured breeding more fears until all we know is fear. Within fear is the fear of humiliation - we have now come full circle to the point where we began. We become trapped by our fears. Fear prevents us from trusting especially if there is any indication that the trust may be broken. We cannot simply live in fear (although many people do) we must carry on our everyday activities. There are two ways to combat fear, love and hate.

Hate is the first weapon we use to combat fear. Hate runs along a continuum from minor things to serious things but the result is the same. Hate breeds hate. Sometimes hate is disguised but it is unmasked by its chief characteristic which is the opposite to acceptance - unacceptance or nonforgiveness that is not to say that one's behavior can be condoned, however you do not throw out the baby with the bath water. It is important to be able to separate the offence from the individual whatever the offence may be, for the offence in question is only a tool which the person uses to combat his/her fears. Offences in all cases are things which tend to impinge on our sensitivities or things which are disagreeable to us.

Too often we judge by offence. Fault finding is satisfying to a degree for it temporarily sets us apart from those who are the victims. Fault finding sometimes impresses others which leads to self-edification or greater feeling of self worth or self-righteousness. To be in the possession of some information gives an individual power, recognition and influence - things which make us acceptable in the eyes of others because these three things are goals

cont'd.....



or ends desired. The problem with trying to impress others is that it creates a need to continue to impress because one's self-worth becomes dependent on others for one continued happiness. We become actual slaves of reassurance seeking behaviour. Without the reassurance our fear take over us, our moods change from laugh to low like a yo-yo and we become more self-concerned. This does not lead to a stable view of life. If happiness means peace of mind, fear must undermine it. To strive for peace of mind with hate reinforces instability by breeding more fears, trust can only grow from love not hate or fear. When you use hate to combat fear you arm yourself with psychological armour. Armour is used for defence as well as offence. A person in armour is ready for attack or combat. Some people hide behind the armour and take abuse. The abuse does not bounce off but penetrates the armour and breeds more hate once inside and builds up until the individual finally "flips out" from the pressure. The other way armour works, is to be completely aggressive. In this area, physical injury and/or psychological injury occur. Put-downs, fault-finding are the psychological injuries while physical injuries are self-explanatory. Both ways which armour is used promote bitterness and hate by keeping one's guard in expectancy. Wearing armour it should be noted impairs communication by distorting the message both in giving and receiving. When two people meet wearing psychological armour the outcome is obvious so it makes no difference whether they are friends or not, the degree of trust is limited and contingent upon the other person's advances. Reaching out becomes a matter of personal safety and advances would be also interpreted in the same way. One concerned above humiliation, embarrassment or any other emotion can become fragile by lack of exposure to it. Confrontation of one's fears is a means of giving into maturity.

Love works the same way as hate, love breeds love. Love is not possessive or jealous because when it becomes so it fails to respect the integrity of people. Integrity is seeing to the fears, failings and needs of people.

Love comes from within the individual for each person has the ability to forgive no matter what the pressure or turmoil. Love is or should be independent of external or outside influence, not dependent on what others do, provide or say. If it becomes subject to flattery than it is not love but a seeking for reassurance and seeking reassurance is not a very solid foundation upon which to build relationships. Doubt always exists when love is externally dependent and doubt feeds fear. If love fluctuates you deny that love comes from within you, in actuality you deny that you can love. When this occurs you become a non-person. However, this does not really apply for it does not rule out one's ability to hate. Man must have the ability and freedom to do both in order to feel human. Man then can love without necessarily being loved in return. Because this can occur it places love as a "responsibility category" in interpersonal relationships. If love is trans-

cont'd

lated as forgiveness or acceptance of the person then it can be stated that "I love you and there is nothing you can do about it." -- a radical but universally acceptable position. If this occurs then trust through happiness and peace of mind becomes portable based on a higher more spiritually defensible stand because it transcends life into death. All of the above is Biblical.



EARLY DAY PAROLE FOR INMATES

Many comments have been made on the failure of the Penitentiary system. Not only there are "to many people languishing in prison" as the new minister of corrections Frank Drea said. But some of the inmates return after a period of release.

The biggest failure of the Women's Prison is in it's inability to provide all kinds of work training and opportunities for all inmates. Yet how can a small prison of 150 capacity fulfill the various training needs of all it's inmates? The solution could be found in giving early day parole to stabilized and responsible inmates after they have been here three to six months; so that they may either study practical subjects in Technical Colleges around here or seek suitable day-time jobs. At night they would be back in prison "doing time" as part of the reminder that they shouldn't break the law again. They would be actively learning or working so they would normally choose to live a working and useful life when they leave the prison.

This is a good solution to prevent inmates from "vegetating" and adopting bad habits and ideas while wasting months and years in prison.

by: Rose Wu

NOT MUCH LESBIANISM IN PRISON.

By: Rose Wu

Because of a recent lawsuit, the public are drawn to the aspects of lesbianism in prison.

You may like to hear a description of the situation from an inmate.

In my view, there are not a great deal of lesbians in this prison. This is better than stating who are lesbians, who are not, or how many there are. Some girls may commit lesbian acts today and not next month when they leave the prison. They may return to a completely heterosexual life style. Lesbianism can be a temporary state. People can see certain pairs of girls hanging together very often. One reason why it is not condemned by public opinion here is that it is meant to be a friendly thing. But, the majority of the inmates are not lesbians. In fact, I believe most of the inmates have never committed any lesbian act during their stay in prison.

Then there is the degree of closeness. Does holding hands and kissing indicate how close they are in private? Not necessarily, they may be just showpieces. Because of living in a close community and open to the eyes of the matrons, I believe that even those who seem so close commit less homosexual acts than those living in society. One of the tragic states I notice in this prison is that there is not enough study or work programs to fill the needs of all the inmates, so it seems to me that some inmates while away their time "being nice" to each other, and indulging in lesbianism of various degrees.

"Yester Years"

As I ponder over my yester years
In my sorrow and in my tears,
I know, now, how I came to be
A floating rock on an unstilled sea.

I steered my ship without a guiding light.
I blew my mind...I lost my sight.
They led me into Desolation Row
I trusted them....I didn't know.

And then my eyes were opened wide,
I began to see from the other side.
I was lost in that deep gutter of despair
Of this my parents were fully aware.

They were standing beside me, with tears in their eyes
Wondering, trying to realize...
Just how their baby daughter came to be
A floating rock on an unstilled sea.

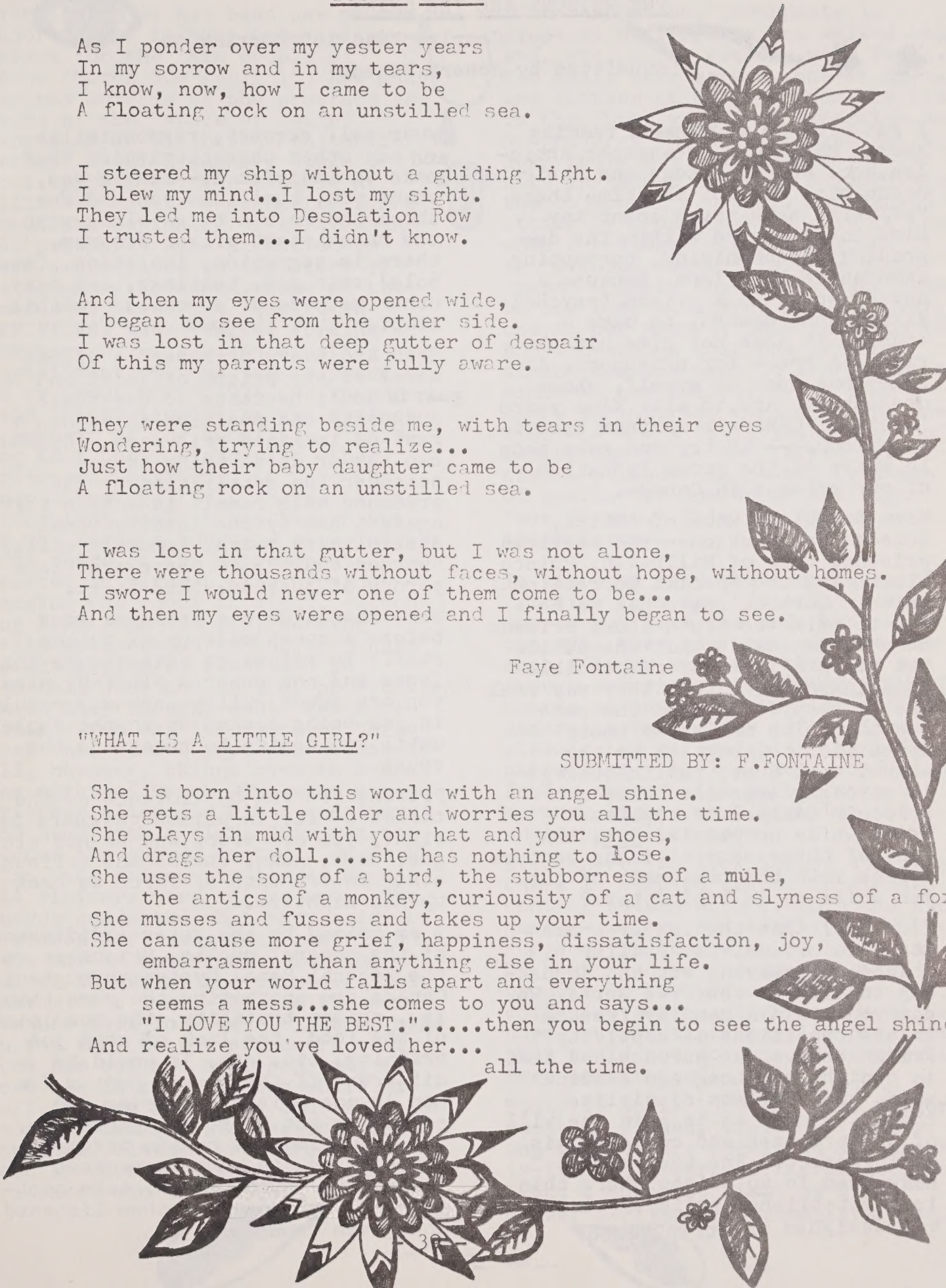
I was lost in that gutter, but I was not alone,
There were thousands without faces, without hope, without homes.
I swore I would never one of them come to be...
And then my eyes were opened and I finally began to see.

Faye Fontaine

"WHAT IS A LITTLE GIRL?"

SUBMITTED BY: F.FONTAINE

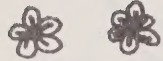
She is born into this world with an angel shine.
She gets a little older and worries you all the time.
She plays in mud with your hat and your shoes,
And drags her doll....she has nothing to lose.
She uses the song of a bird, the stubbornness of a mule,
the antics of a monkey, curiosity of a cat and slyness of a fox.
She musses and fusses and takes up your time.
She can cause more grief, happiness, dissatisfaction, joy,
embarrasment than anything else in your life.
But when your world falls apart and everything
seems a mess...she comes to you and says...
"I LOVE YOU THE BEST.".....then you begin to see the angel shine
And realize you've loved her...
all the time.



THE PRISONS ARE THE CRIME.

by: Charles "Jackie" Dorrington

submitted by Robert Pinedo



I get sick to my stomach reading books, magazines, newspaper articles, etc. about prisons and their occupants. Most of the time these "writers" have never spent any time incarcerated within the degrading, dehumanizing, corrupting atmosphere of prison. Because a person works in a prison (psychologists, John Howard, to name a couple) it does not give him the right to speak for prisoners. It takes one such as myself, whose credentials are, to wit: Nine years in six of Canada's maximum security prisons--- to try and make people aware of the gross injustice of our prisons in Canada.

More Canadians know of Attica, Soledad and Jackson---the American prisons, than of Millhaven, Prince Albert and the Special Correctional Unit in Quebec. There has to be a way to tell the truth about prisons here in Canada so that the public can reach a level of responsible consciousness so that they may feel the same suffering and the same empathy which motivates their opposition to abortion or the annual seal hunt; public outrage is strongly expressed when a prisoner escapes or commits a crime while on parole. But, how many of these same citizens venture a look into the treatment of the men while he is behind bars?

I do feel that the longer a man stays in prison, the smaller his chances of staying out and adjusting to life in the free world. How can you train a man for freedom in the conditions of captivity?? Prisons serve one purpose and that is punishment. Long ago someone said, that "prison discipline should be such as to gain the will of the prisoner and conserve his self respect." For the record, I have been in no prison where this is a established policy. Prisons are designed to strip you of

your self respect, responsibility and any other characteristics that make an individual.--humble you, shame you, humiliate you and for those who refuse to go along with the nonexistent prison program, there is segregation, isolation, (the hole) tear gas, beatings, and many other methods of so-called rehabilitation that the guards see fit to use.

Each and every prisoner is at the mercy of any prison official and the guards don't hesitate to use their authority and position to avenge a real or imagined grievance. Any guard can say or do anything to any prisoner and retaliation by the prisoner will result in action taken against him by the institutional disciplinary board, commonly called "warden court"; if there ever is a parody of justice, this is it.

What chance does a prisoner have before a court made up of prison staff? To refuse to acknowledge this farce and not enter a plea (why plea? you are found guilty anyhow.) results in you being locked up in the "hole" until you decide to recognize the court.

Prisons are run by violence or the threat of it; in prison the guard is right, you are wrong and he has clubs, gas, dogs, guns, chains and various other instruments of force to back up his rightism.

I am amazed by the utter indifference of the general public. Prisoners in the Federal Penal System throughout Canada are protesting the same things i.e., prison brutality, the conditions of the food, the lack of good job training, etc. etc. It would be different if there were just a few men in one prison hollering and screaming but there are thousands. The only time the public becomes aware of us, is when we protest violently---burn, smash, take hostages and kill; are we then listened and given consideration.

cont.

Even though it has been one of the major topics in many Ontario newspapers for the last couple of weeks (March 20- April 15) how many persons outside of the province are aware of the "state of seige" happening at Millhaven Penitentiary? Perhaps a quick summary would be most appropriate: The trouble at Millhaven has been simmering since about the beginning of 1974, when the prisoners were permitted to form a committee to take care of beefs and grievances. Some of the guards objected and started an unofficial work strike, forcing a shortage of guards and creating a curtailment of some inmate programs. On or about March 1974 two guards laid institutional charges against 2 members of the committee, claiming that they, along with other prisoners threatened to take the guards hostage. This charge was so fraudulent that it was thrown out of the wardens court- - rare indeed. From there on the harassment started in earnest, ie., guards banging the doors at night, switching lights on and off, turning the radio speakers on in the yard when we are trying to sleep and in general, just any form of provocation which they thought would get a reaction from us. For close to three weeks the inmate population took it all, however, things came to a head the night of March 20th when a prisoner allegedly hit a guard over the head with a club. This was the excuse the guards wanted.. On March 21st. the prison was locked up and all visitors were turned away. The guards conducted what they said was a search for "dangerous contraband." This was an opportunity for the guards to get at the prisoners that they didn't like. This is the procedure that followed: Eight or nine guards came to the prisoners cell, took him out and stripped him, and lock him in another room while his cell is torn apart. No consideration is shown towards his personal belongings, clothes are thrown out, food is wasted in the garbage can, prisoners who are artists had their

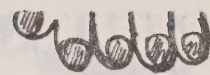
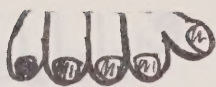
work stepped on, toothpaste is squeezed out, sheets are walked on, etc. etc. A few weapons were found. Two meals were served, one at 4p.m. and another at 8p.m. From the 21st to the 29th. we had no exercise and no showers. The story leaked out to news media was that the reason for this shakedown was that a guard was the object of a brutal, unprovoked attack by a prisoner. Why is it that when a prisoner attacks a guard it is "without cause?" (are we blood crazed animals that run a muck when we see fit, attacking any and everyone in our path?); this seems to be the impression that the prison administration want to imprint on the minds of the public. Every time a guard is injured, regardless of how minor- - - - it is leaked to the media. Why is it not leaked every time a prisoner is beaten by a mob of guards???? Guards do not fight "man to man." It's ten to one in their favour.

It has been said that the cause of friction is a few "veteran" guards who do not like the modern penal concept, they say that we have too much freedom and that there is not enough security. NOT ENOUGH SECURITY. Guards on the perimeter (around the exercise yard) have .38 calibre pistols and rifles, plus the help of patrolling vehicles, dogs, two wire fences topped with barbed wire and mercury lights that light up the whole yard like noon.

Everywhere you look inside the prison there is a guard/guards in glassed control towers with pistols and shotguns- - we are constantly under the gun and yet they want us locked up 24 hours a day. The guards start trouble in the prisons so they can collect overtime, last year some of them doubled their regular paycheck, they could not do this in a trouble free institution.

Today is April 15th and this prison is still closed, visits by family and friends are permitted and there is limited exercise. April 10th & 11th. a surprise visit by a four member parliamentary committee arrives

cont.



to interview the guards, members of the administration and a number of prisoners selected by the population. What will come of it?? I don't know. As it stands now about sixty prisoners are in segregation and the hole is full of a little over 300 prisoners, numerous other men have been gassed and beaten up. The prison is still locked up, no work and limited exercise.

The use of gas, has taken a giant step in the last couple of years--it was always around, but used to a lesser degree. The argument used by the prison administration is that the use of gas is more humane in lieu of using clubs when a man will not comply with an order. However, what really happens is that you get gassed first and then beaten with the clubs. The Solicitor General's Directives state how much gas should be used and under what particular circumstances..Bullshit.. During my sentence, I have been gassed for banging on the door, asking for water when I was in a "strip cell"; for refusing to bend over and spread my buttocks during a "skin frisk." I have personally been gassed numerous times and have witnessed many gassings of other prisoners. The amount of gas shot and/or sprayed into one cell is enough to control a mob. For example, a man is locked up in segregation for months over some minor charge, he has only 30-40 minutes maximum exercise per day and sometimes less, depending who is in charge. If you get too uptight and smash your cell then the meat-grinder act comes into play: ten guards appear on stage, they are dressed with riot helmets, gas masks, and clubs and immediately begin spraying gas into the cell--gas, gas, gas---you are rendered useless as you struggle to breathe and to see--once inside they fling themselves upon you, smashing away with the clubs and boot kicks to the body, sounds of pain ring out within you like a siren. Will they ever stop?? Handcuffs are ruthlessly put on and then shackles link your hands with

your feet behind your back. Another shot of gas--right on the face. The door is finally shut closed and the guards walk away laughing. Sometimes you may be kept like this for days. The official pronouncement from the Warden's Court, to wit: "Use only as much force as was necessary."

These events are not unique, for they are just the standard type of treatment and abuse we are made to suffer constantly at the hands of the guards employed within this system.

We often hear it said that most prisoners end up in prison because we can't make it in a free society. It may be more relevant to those persons employed within the penal system. How many of them have been unemployed, on the welfare rolls or constantly being dismissed from their former jobs?? Perhaps, prison offers them a masochistic outlet. Don't get me wrong, I have not and do not wish to generalize that all prison officials are sadists, worms or guards but they are the majority.

Just recently I overheard a fascist guard type with a number of years service, tell a new guard (in the process of becoming a guard) --"you have to hate them."

Do you know that per capita Canada has the largest prison population of any country in the free world? Why can't the Canadian Penal System change for the better? I'll tell you why. Not enough "new administrators." They take a deputy warden from New Westminister Penitentiary and make him a warden in Prince Albert, or a deputy warden in Millhaven and make him the new warden of New Westminister. Just a vicious circle for the prisoner. A common answer to any given question is: write the Commissioner or the Solicitor General. I remember being locked up in segregation for months on end and when I did write and submitted my complaint per to the treatment I was receiving---I was told that, to wit: "indications are that you have done nothing constructive to effect your release into the normal



cont.

population." What can a person do "constructive"--locked up 23 hours a day? Replies like this exemplify the real credibility gaps which have destroyed all trust to those empowered to maintain a check and balance. You write Ottawa, Ottawa contacts Regional, Regional gets in touch with the prison and the prison denies it all. Did it do the Jews any good to complain to Hitler about Himmler? One of the greatest crimes a prisoner can commit in the eyes of the administration is to solicit outside help ie., lawyers, Members of Parliament, public organizations, etc..... they want us to suffer in silence. The hell with suffering in silence: We must let people know why we are so bitter and mean when we leave prison. It should be of major concern to the national community for inevitably you must likewise reap the consequences. Let us show you our tear-gas burns and the scars from boots and clubs and chains. If someone was to strangle you, your automatic reaction would be to fight for your life---to struggle to survive. Right? This system is trying to rob men of the use of all that we need to survive outside in the free world----our self respect, discipline and courage.

In short, we are all responsible for our actions or the negation to act responsibly. Just as it is important what prisoners do for, to and within society after they are released; will always have an equal bearing on what society has done for them while they were incarcerated.....

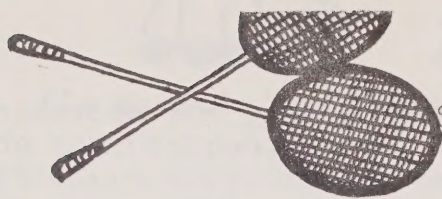
NOTE: Jackie is now living at Dorchester Penitentiary with 12 months left to go. A real man who I truly admire and will forever remember. He is one of the few self-contained persons who will walk out stronger than ever but determined to shout from the rooftops of the world the terrible tragedy of man's

inhumanity to man. Let us all help him shout.....

Sept. 3/77

Robert Pinedo





SPORTS NEWS

by: Caryl Radcliffe



As Captain of the Angels Softball Team I have been asked to write about my team. The Angels finished up the year by capturing The Women's Misfit League Championship. After an eight game winning streak which carried us into the finals we found ourselves ahead in the best of a five game series. Then, as is typical of the Angels we added a little suspense to the action by losing the third game. After being rained out, called on account of darkness and numerous other little hassles we finally got the last game in and dropped the Northern Telecom team to the tune of 18-4.

Since there are so many players who came through in the proverbial pinch and the entire team played beyond anyones expectations I am not going to single any one player out for recognition. Instead I have listed their names and a few personal observations of my own.

Terri LeClaire - catcher

Anyone who entertains any ideas of stealing home plate best forget it. It would be like running into a wall. Her bat has consistently come through when we needed it most. She was named Most Dedicated Player of the year.

Dianne Perron - pitcher

The more pressure the better she likes it. Without Dianne we'd have been in serious trouble. "Both feet on the rubber Dianne." Dianne was selected Most Valuable Player of the year.

Pat Chartier - 1st. base
CO-Captain

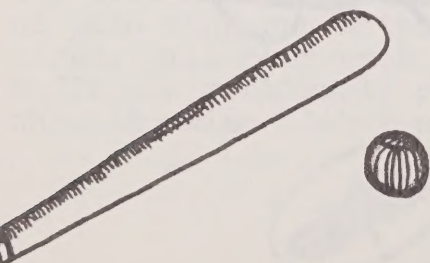
Better known as Ole' Rubber Legs. I have played ball with this chick for many a year and each season finds me wondering when we are going to have to go over there and help bend her legs back up so she can straighten herself into an upright position. Very little get's by this chick, she can scoop anything out of the dirt, or for that matter, the sky.

* Marlene Moore - 2nd. base

This has to be the most unpredictable ball player I have ever encountered. She is constantly on the move and a nervous breakdown has been just a second or two away each and every game for me. Anyone who has watched our games can well see why this kid won the Rookie of the Year award this year.

Shirley Pilon - 3rd. base

Some of you may not be familiar with the term "tackle baseball", Shirley can make it very clear to any base runner that to get to and remain on third, you have to possess an extraordinary amount of dexterity and raw courage.



cont.

Marlene Andres - Right Field

If this chick could just manage to drop the occasional fly we could manage to quell the rumors that she plays winter ball in Cuba.

Nancy Ward - Left Field

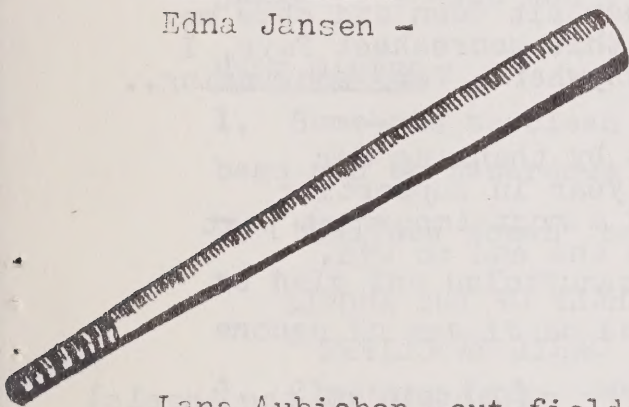
I am sure at one time or another this chick worked out with a newborn colt because each time she runs or throws that is what flashes in my mind. That little hop, skip and jump is your trademark Nancy and it gets the job done most effectively.

Dianna Voss - Center Field

Better known by the Angels as "Slow Motion Suzie." I know you have lots of time Dianna but 20 minutes, 3 seconds to run the bases??????

SUB. PLAYERS

Edna Jansen -



Edna has pitched, played second and various out-field positions all very effectively. The most important game of the year for Edna this year had to be the one where she was on a hot hitting streak in the last game and I asked her to strike out. The game was going to be called on account of darkness and we were way ahead so the actress in Edna came to light and she pulled off a very convincing strike out.

Lana Aubichon -out fielder



The Jugler... Lana has had all our hearts in our throats on a couple of occasions when she has caught the long fly ball, let it pop out of her mitt, scooped it bare-handed and after several minutes of juggling held it up to show us it was all part of the old razzle-dazzle act.

Barb McPhee - out fielder

A little mite of a girl who has'nt seemed to play much this year but when we needed her she came through like an old pro both in the field and at bat.

Donna Christian - out-fielder



The Rooty-Bear of the P.4.W. Since it takes this chick 15 minutes to walk to the outfield and she natters all the way.. I really can't say much about her playing abilities since the action is all over by the time she arrives at her position. Seriously Donna, you did just fine.

You may have noted that short stop position was not mentioned in my line-up. Well that is because your's truly plays it and what can I

cont.

say except that I am ready to turn it over to the kids. It won't be the same somehow without Shirley nattering at me to watch my throws to first as I'll put Pat in a bad mood and she has to live with her after the game.

I have yet to mention the anchorman of the team- - Ian Lyle. Without this guy I know the Angels would be sitting back saying wait until next year. Ian don't wait for no-one or nothing. If ever there were the mother hen type coach this guy is it. Those looks of stark panic will be in my memory for a long time to come. In fact I am not sure what will come to mind first when I think back on this guy. His wardrobe or his coaching... Hey Ian, I hear you are keeping the "Sally-Ann" afloat in this town.

Faye Fontaine - Scorekeeper

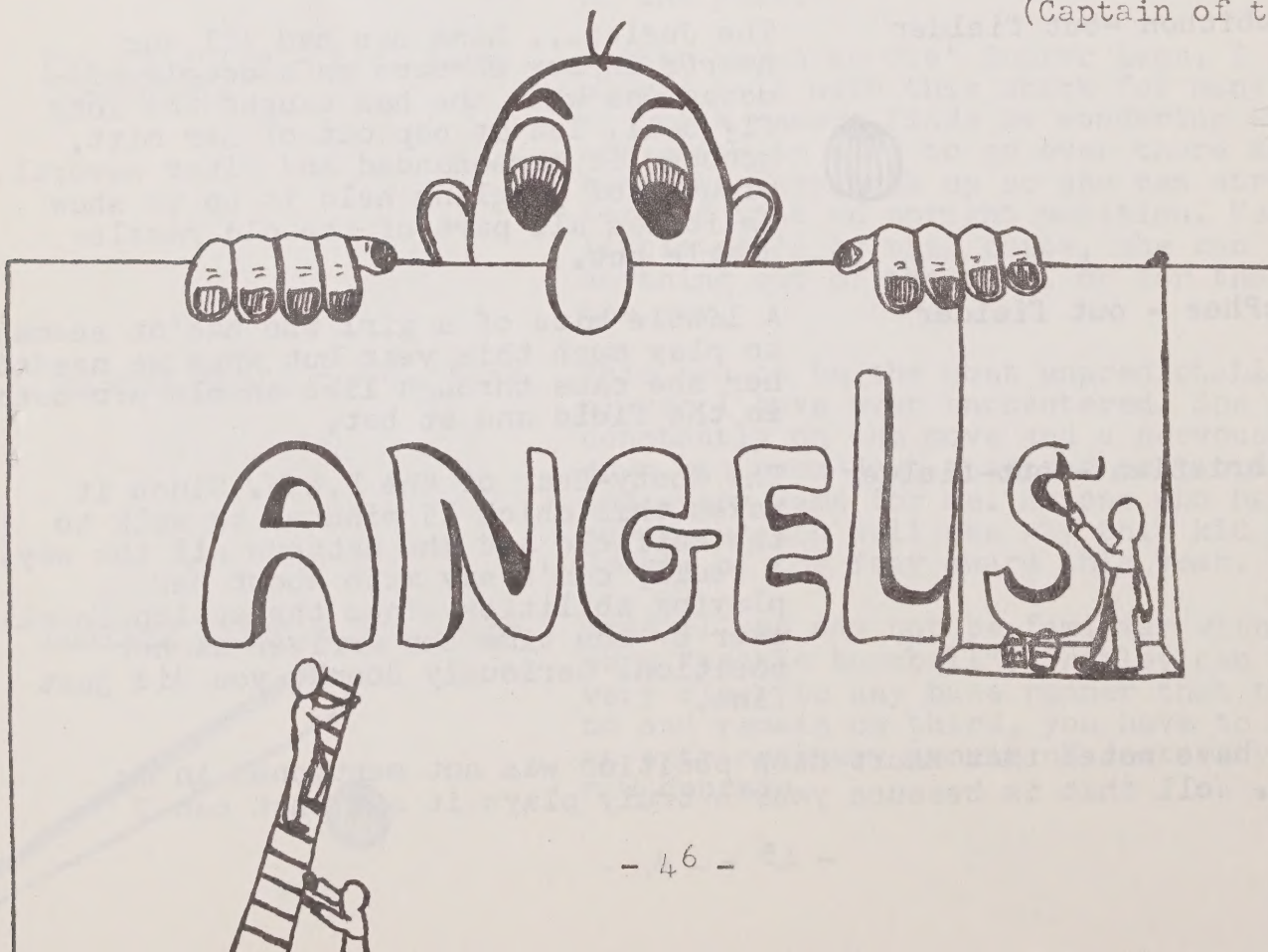
Careful consideration was given in the selection of the candidate for this position and when we dug up all the fraud and embezzelling experience in Faye's background she was a shoe-in for the job. You must sit down and show me how you padded that scoresheet Faye, I can't find it anywhere. Very convincing..

On behalf of the Angels I want to wind up this by thanking our spectators for the stand up job they did this year in supporting us at each and every game. This support played a most important part in our playing as a team and going on right to the end to win.

THANK YOU ON BEHALF OF THE ANGELS

CARYL RADCLIFFE

(Captain of the Angels)



CLASSIFIED SECTION

ROOMS FOR RENT

Available on Upper "A".....

These fine rooms provide private shitters...(supply your own lid).. cold and cold running water...a most comfortable steel bed....walk in closets and last but not least your own wake up service. Rooms are close to all areas- information centre, short walk to school and a skip and a jump to the gym. When "tennants" want privacy, a segregation unit is provided.....which is closer than you think... Accomadations also include an enclosed, supervised playground. To apply- - -inquire within- - -to inquire within see your local judge- - -But don't delay- - -we're filling up fast.

HELP WANTED

1. Some-one to clean up the mash after brew is completed. (Garbage bags can be hazardous when left laying around).
2. "Halfway Woman" on duty between medication barrier and range. to help the unfortunates who can't hold their medication long enough to get it to their buddies.
3. Cleaning Lady- -Wanted for all areas.
4. Athletic Lady Wanted- -must have long slender legs and the ability to run- -wanted to run the gossip from one end of the building to the other. Must be willing to work "odd" hours.
5. Some-one with broad, strong shoulders.....To carry all the bullshit.
6. Kitchen help always wanted. No experience necessary. Only one requirement.....NO BAD ATTITUDES ACCEPTED..

If you think you qualify for any of the above mentioned apply to the editor.....

by: F. Fontaine





CONGRATULATIONS ANGELS...

by: Ian Lyle

Viva Angels....Bravo Angels....Hurray for the Angels....

We made it, we did it, not since 71 when the Angels opened the Misfit League have they been anything but the bridesmaids or less and this year, well this year we did the whole thing. From a fifth place league finish, winning and losing with equal ease, the Angels met the playoffs like a challenge to be overcome. Connie and Faye on control and myself "all right, this is it, let's go.." The Angels were right into it from the start...First it was I.A.C. in a dramatic sudden death one game final, after three complete innings it was the Angels down 8-6 and after the dust had cleared at 7 the Angels were on top.

From there it was on a best 2 of 3 v.s. the most powerful team in the league, the Panthers, the #1 team in the league, with their impressive one loss seasons record. As usual, prestige and 1st. placing never impressed anyone here, so the Angels breezed the Panthers and cooled their pace two games straight. Not to mention the game in the dark where they wanted us to play again cause of not enough innings. Well after a few phone calls we won that too. And that was actually it folks, the rest was nearly anti-climactic after beating the first place team two straight with your whole team and crowd at their peak point. The next 3 out of 5 series against the team we'd already beaten twice looked like your proverbial piece of cake. Well it was 16-10 after the first game and 21-8 after the second game so the Angels put the game on ice, the coach came in sliding, the pitcher and fellow team mates came up gliding and we ended up losing to an eight sided team with photographer friend and Mr. Boswell on hand to the amazing score of 13-11. Well, when the dust cleared the Angels were on the score of the grand finale. The Angels 18 - Northern Telecom 4. The Angels had done the work, picked a beautiful day for it and beat the rest.

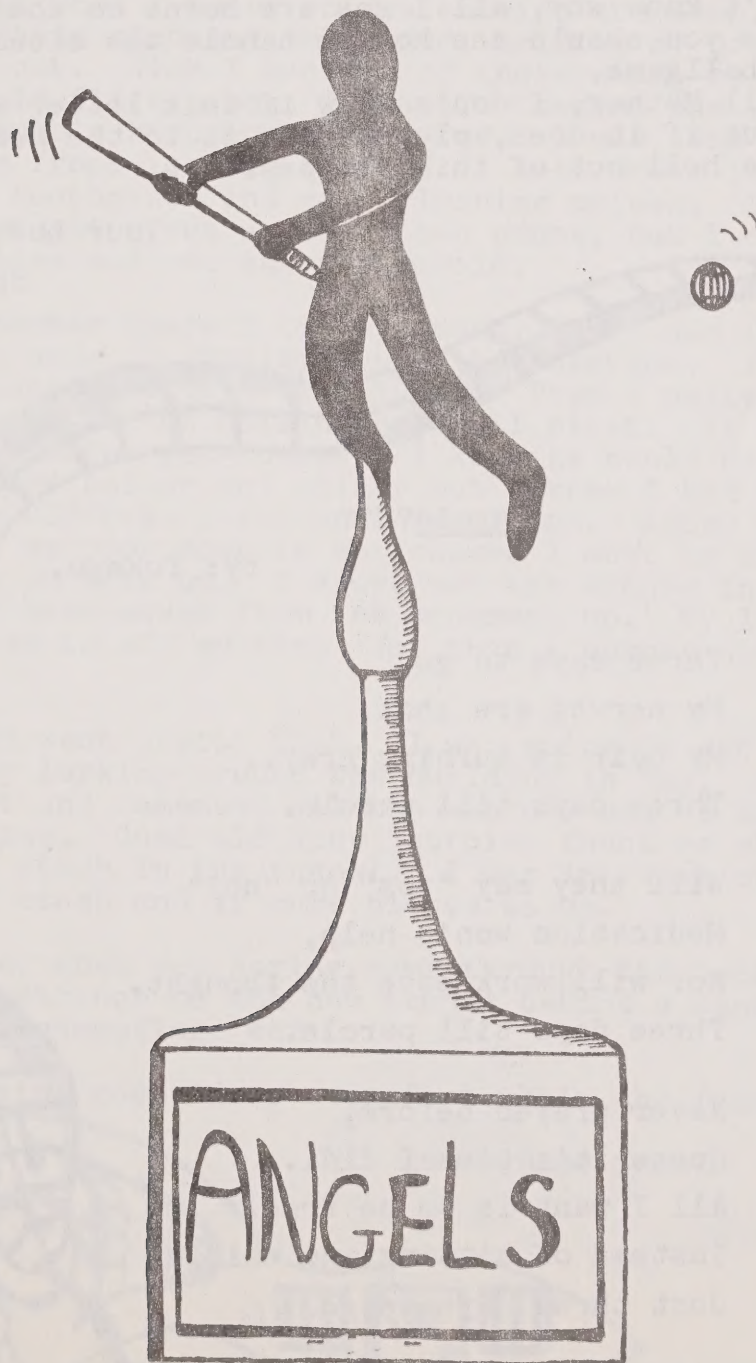
From a personal view it was the best season I've ever enjoyed, as a player or a coach I'd only once before when I was ten so this was "dyn o mite." The after seasons awards came in the first week of October with everyone enjoying a sensational meal of Chinese food, funny photos and the presentation of well deserved awards. As usual I gave my speech patterns on the power of our team unity, the problems and the over all success of the season. And without further adieu.... ladies and gentlemen...the envelopes please.. "Rookie of the Year" Miss Marlene Moore...."Most Dedicated Player and Team Anchor" Miss Terri LeClaire....and "Most Valuable Player of the Season" Miss Dianne Perron. These were the coaches selections. From the press and spectators polling the trophies were again presented by myself to the peoples choice for Rookie of the Year...a unanimous decision ..Miss Marlene Moore for her sensational sliding.(you'll see her again in basketball form for the Angels.) Most sportsman like player by the "peoples" choice... Miss Edna Jansen the second baseman right fielding relief pitcher and most famous strike out.

And before I run out of type and breath one more memorable flash in the pan...the night at the dance, the annual Misfit League Baseball Banquet, pause, yes well as I said before.."the Angels came to party man" so we rocked the whole banquet, we danced, we played the music, Pat Chartier gave a dynamic sensitive but powered speech and the

cont.

Angels stole the show leaving the crowd to standing ovations. It was a great season ladies and I'm glad so many of us could enjoy it as participants, as spectators and as friends of the family.

Basketball season is next and we're expecting just as powerful a crew both on the floor and in bleachers. Well thats it from the coach. The old ball diamond will be collecting snow till next season...and the occasional snow shoe, I hope ???



Dear Mother;

Here I am in Camp Playpen. The food is great. So far, we've only had nine cases of food poisoning. The camp C.O.'s **are** all out of their minds and they insist that we join in on the fun. The games we play are "May I" or "Go to hell". Our favourite one is "Escape." Five girls made it to the first yard line but were shot down at the halfway mark. Another girl touched the wall. Now we send her smoke signals from the hole each night. The C.O.'s are trying to get us all in the hole by telling us we will get room service and meals in bed. Gee Mom, I tried their room service but only seen my maid once a week, so right now I am a little weak but plan on not taking their service again. We also have a lot of exercise each day. Once up those stairs and you are bushed for life, a part of their fun and games. You should see the gleam in their eyes when we drag ourselves up the final flight. But when they have their turn no one speaks or it is room service for you.

We have a great ball team here. They call themselves the "Angels." Don't know why, all I see are horns on their heads. If we lose a game you should see how we handle the situation....more fun than the ballgame.

Well Mother, I don't know if this letter will ever get out to you, but if it does, please take it to the nearest lawyer and get me the hell out of this playpen.....

Your Loving Daughter,
Spike.

by: Tokeyo

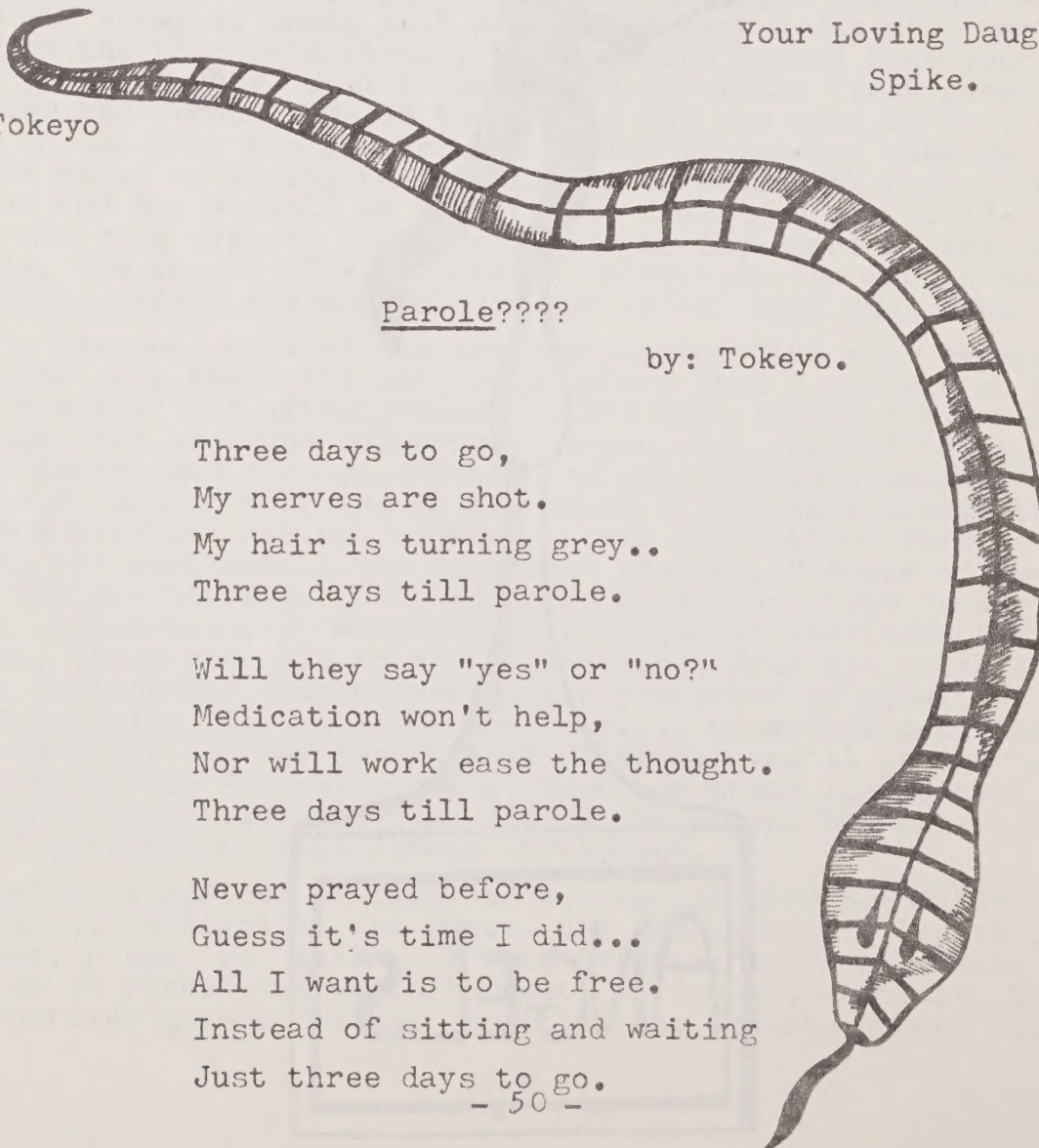
Parole????

by: Tokeyo.

Three days to go,
My nerves are shot.
My hair is turning grey..
Three days till parole.

Will they say "yes" or "no?"
Medication won't help,
Nor will work ease the thought.
Three days till parole.

Never prayed before,
Guess it's time I did...
All I want is to be free.
Instead of sitting and waiting
Just three days to go.





A Letter From Sydney The Sneak

by: Nancy Ward-Armour

Dear Patty;

Just to let you know we all miss you at the old homestead. A lot has happened since you left. I thought you had an over-amp and went on a hiding trip from Peter Paranoia or even Nicky Narco. Then that dam cat of yours came through my window and ate all my Morrocan. I knew he hadn't been fed in a while as he prefers Afgany, but, times are tough and Morrocan is better than none.

Nicky brought in some new recruits. It was touch and go there for a while, mostly touch, not much go.....

I nearly froze to death last winter in the bathroom. I was taking a nice hot bath when I heard voices outside the door. I pulled the shower curtain shut and submerged, holding my breath till I nearly passed out. Wish I had one of those swamp reeds I used to see in those old flicks about Indians. Changed tactics and poured two boxes of bubble bath into the water. I was soon disguised as an overflowing front-loading washer/ I even wrote Inglis on my forehead with toothpaste and made sloshing noises. In two hours I thought of sneaking out as an albino prune, but I could still hear those voices and was super paranoid.

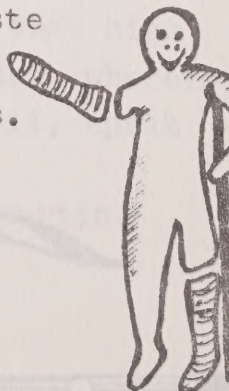
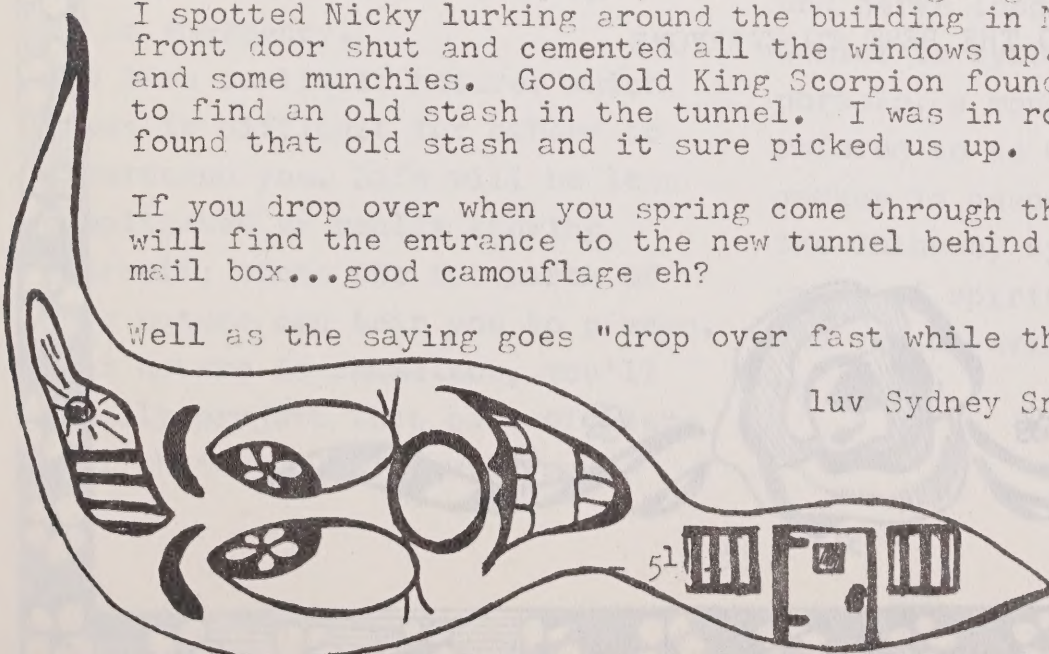
I tried to remember where I hid my stash, but I was freaking to much to remember by now. I finally found the solution. I slid out of the tub and opened the bathroom window. Then I pulled the plug and turned the shower on boiling hot full blast. It soon fogged up like a real London pea-souper. I knew he could never see me in this fog. It got colder and colder but I knew I had to hide in there till I could make a rational descision. After two days the Wizard crashed my door down as he assumed I must be in trouble as I had not come to pick up. I drove out the window in sheer terror. I should never have moved from the basement up. My leg is nearly set and the cast is off my arm. Was that a bummer with a cast on old faithful!

Summer came and went pretty fast. I was going to get a tan but I spotted Nicky lurking around the building in May. I nailed the front door shut and cemented all the windows up. I had a good supply and some munchies. Good old King Scorpion found me while trying to find an old stash in the tunnel. I was in rough shape but he found that old stash and it sure picked us up.

If you drop over when you spring come through the back way. You will find the entrance to the new tunnel behind a Canada poste mail box...good camouflage eh?

Well as the saying goes "drop over fast while the fast lasts.

luv Sydney Sneak.



ENTERTAINMENT

by P. Twitchin

Finally, probably the worst entertainment's writer ever to exist in this or any newsprint, has a chance to quit - I would like to thank Tightwire for hiring a neurotic typist who always blames the machine first and the system secondly - for all her mistakes!! I shall miss the fun of being first in on the news - Hopefully it all continues, there is great artistic talent around.

So to the entertainment:

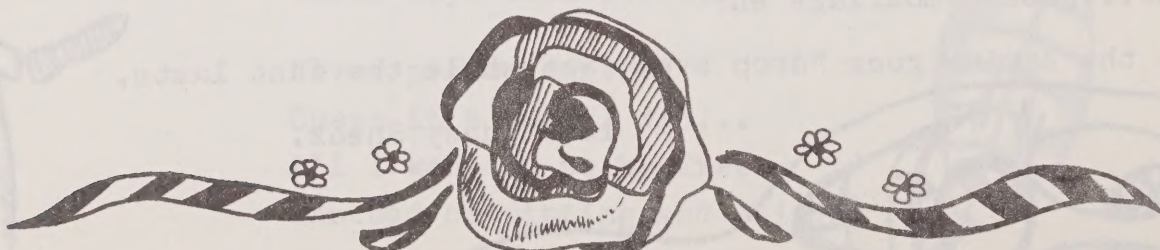
Sept. 3rd "Disco Incorporated" played music for the dance finalizing sports day.

JAZZ WORKSHOP Joanne Moyl, an experienced dancer from Toronto gave an introductory course of Jazz Dancing, Maureen is continuing to teach "Jazz Dance" and I'm sure anyone interested is welcome. Hopefully for Monique (Monic)? Joanne return will be soon.

Sept. 14th A.A. Social - The annual A.A. social took place here in the P4W, it was an eye opener for someone who has never been to a meeting of this kind before. The speakers were genuine, honest and open, their stories making one stop and think twice, varied, and different encounters in life, but all with a justifiable means to an end. Good food was put together as usual from an industrious kitchen and the evening ended in an informal dance.

Oct. 1st A group of men, baseball players from Ottawa descended on the P4W to play baseball which was rained out, so indoor sports continued for the afternoon, floor hockey, basketball etc. Later after supper there was a dance, prizes handed out, and the Mayor of Ottawa sent his greetings on the behalf of the city of Ottawa. Ending with best wishes for a successful day and that, this visit can become an annual event.

THAT'S IT, WISHING THE BEST TO EVERYONE



GEMINI

May 21-June 20

Ruler: Mercury

Attributes: positive, masculine, double sterile, common, of air.

Governs: the nervous system, the shoulders, the lungs. It corresponds to the third house in the zodiac.

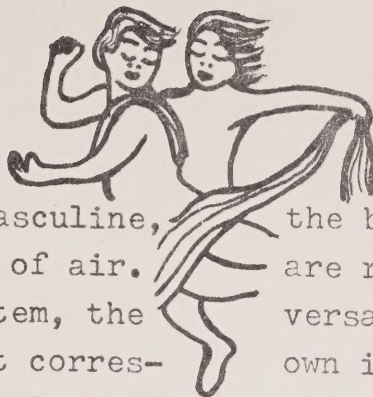
Symbolizes: the initiative in affairs, the intellectual work, commerces and enterprises that come forward, travelling, brothers, neighbours, friends, news and letters.

In the world it rules: means of publication and communication, newspaper, the press, constant changes, assimilation.

Favorable and unfavorable aspects:

You are sympathetic, kind hearted, affectionate, fond of home and children and easily influenced by kindness, at times at your detriment. You are sensitive, intuitional and idealistic and have great imaginative ability. Possess an active mind and can be relied upon to act quickly in an emergency.

You have dualistic nature, which makes it difficult for others to understand you. Life will be less complicated by really knowing yourself; since the two parts of your nature can tear you to pieces. Your nature is chameleon, you'll usually project that part of yourself which you think will make



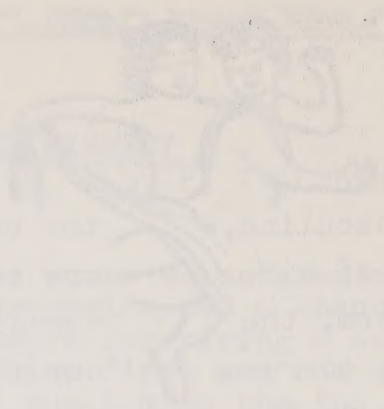
the best impression on people. You are restless, changefull and very versatile, making decisions on your own is never easy because you can always see two sides to every question.

Sex and Romance: the sooner your partner learns that he's fallen in love with two often distinctive types, the better he'll settle down to being a satisfactory lover. Your dual personality can bring him two love affairs for the price of one. You definately find it hard to settle down. Gemini rules the nervous system by which all parts of the body are brought into communication, giving it sensation and flexibility. The lungs, shoulders, arms and hands are subject to affections and accidents. This mental motive sign requires attention to proper breathing, light out-of-door exercises and walking with long deliberate steps. The chest and lung should be given protection. Particular care should be given to diet; cereals and nerve foods being essentials. Gemini is symbolized as the twins, portals, a monkey. It is biblically referred to as Cain and Abel. The monkey is associated with Gemini by the Chinese, symbolical of that high state of spiritual development wherein "we see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil."

by: D.F. Martin.

My 22 June 50

Dear Mary



I am so glad to hear from you and that you are well. I hope you are enjoying your trip. I am sure you will have a very successful one. I am looking forward to hearing all the news when you get home.

I am sure you will have a very successful trip. I am looking forward to hearing all the news when you get home.

I am sure you will have a very successful trip. I am looking forward to hearing all the news when you get home.

I am sure you will have a very successful trip. I am looking forward to hearing all the news when you get home.

I am sure you will have a very successful trip. I am looking forward to hearing all the news when you get home.

I am sure you will have a very successful trip. I am looking forward to hearing all the news when you get home.

I am sure you will have a very successful trip. I am looking forward to hearing all the news when you get home.

I am sure you will have a very successful trip. I am looking forward to hearing all the news when you get home.

I am sure you will have a very successful trip. I am looking forward to hearing all the news when you get home.



Centre of Criminology
Librarian

RM. 8001

130 St. George St.

Toronto / Ont.

M5S 1A5

